

## DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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"Put Up Your Tools, Uncle Billy, and Go Out to the Fair. It will Do Your Old Eyes Good."

## Gush Over Engineers.

Says an engineer in a communication in the *Detroit Free Press*: So much has been said of the dauntless courage and self-sacrificing heroism of locomotive engineers, as displayed during the few seconds intervening between the discovery of immediate impending danger, and the actual occurrence, that it has become the subject of much annoyance to our profession. During my experience of over ten years of slow and fast trains, on various prominent lines, there has never been, to my knowledge, one accident where the presence of an engineer on his engine, after certain acts have been performed (unless as a precaution to personal safety), was not the height of foolhardiness, and this in justice to all concerned in the general result.

On a passenger train, after the air brakes are applied, the engine reversed and the sand lever open, the presence of a whole cab full of cool-headed, experienced engineers would not alter the result one single bit. Now, as to the "courage" of the engineer, who has so many lives at his mercy in times when mortal danger stares him in the face, what is the man there for if not to use every possible exertion to avert impending calamity. Is it not the intention of his superiors that he shall take the train safely to its destination, and in passing over his run to use every precaution for safety? We are familiar with and use daily methods for safety unknown to the public and not definitely provided for in the regulations of the company. An engineer who would abandon his engine at the first sight of danger without having first used the means at his command to lessen the result would, (except in very exceptional cases) be hoisted out of the country. From the very earliest apprenticeship of an engineer it is daily brought to his notice that the correct and proper thing to do in all cases where a sudden stop is required, is to reverse and open the throttle, using sand to keep the wheels from slipping, and in his usual work on local freight trains he has it continually in use before him, while doing switching, etc. Thus long before he becomes a passenger engineer it is second nature to him to adopt this method when occasion demands. In addition to this means all passenger trains are provided with air brakes and their application becomes from frequent usage quite as mechanical under all circumstances as in the previous mentioned means provided. It takes much less time than those uninitiated can imagine to accomplish all that is possible for an engineer to do to stop his train; a very few seconds suffice, and nearly always he has ample time to jump and save himself from quite probable injury. We who are daily liable to be subjected to the requirements know the uselessness of running unnecessary risks, and how few are the thanks we receive from our employers when (and they are the ones we are the most concerned in keeping on the right side of), perchance, one of our number, by an error of judgment, suffers personal injury. If the truth were known, it is now quite freely accepted as a fact, that after the usual means to stop have been made, that a good man has gone to his death by reason of being seized with a sort of paralysis, and being rendered helpless for the time being by the thought of the terrible calamity to follow. It is customary to tell the fireman to jump, and, as he can in no wise assist in these emergencies, he usually escapes unhurt.

## What the Thumb Does.

Have you noticed that when you want to take hold of anything—a bit of thread, we will say—that it is always the thumb who puts himself forward, and that he is always on one side by himself, while the rest of the fingers are on the other? If the thumb is not helping nothing stops in your hand, and you don't know what to do with it. Try, by way of experiment, to carry your spoon to your mouth without putting your thumb to it, and you will see what a long time it will take you to get through with a poor little plateful of broth. The thumb is placed in such a manner on your hand that it can face each of the other fingers, one after the other, or all together, as you please, and by this we are enabled to grasp, as with a pair of pincers, all objects, whether large or small. Our hands owe their perfection of usefulness to this happy arrangement, which has been bestowed on no other animal except the monkey, our nearest neighbor.

## AN EXETER in the Yonkers Gazette

speaks of "eyes that are continually shedding the milk of human kindness." Ah, yes, and when the milk is skimmed, no doubt but that the result is eyes cream.—*Whitehall Times*.

## Fables and Anecdotes.

One time there was a feller had a pet pig, and the pig it et, and et, and et. And bime by the pig it got so fat it was round like a bloon. One day the feller that owned it he shode it to another man, and the other man he sed it was a mity nice pig, but which was the head? The pigs master he sed, "the end which pints toward the swil."

Then the other man he sed: "But there aint no swil."

Then the pig feller he sed: "Then there aint no head."

The she ones is a sow, and one time me and Billy, that's my brother, and Sammy Dobby we found a sow's nest with six little pigs, jest hatched. Billy he sed, "Sammy, if we had one of them fellers for to put in a cage it wude sing like a dicky bird, but they fites like a tigger wen you fitches 'em."

Sammy sed he cude lick ten thousand hundred sech little fellers, and Billy he sed, "Well, Sammy, I don't mind lettin you try it. Ill be Gennel Grant, and you git your big wooden sword and be Fatty Macome, and the pigs they will be Jef Davis."

So Sammy he trod his sword and pitched in, reel brave as you ever see, and me and Gennel Grant got on top the fence. Wen Jef Davis was got by the leg he begun for to sing like the dicky bird, and the ole sow she come up a seally hootin, and chankin her teeth, and roarin, much as to say "Ine Stonewol Jackson," and Fatty Macome, he run like a steer, a hollerin wild for his mother!

Then Gennel Grant he sed, "That's twice I have ben defeated. The other time was wen I ordered Captin Freddie Jones to storm the be hive. I guess I me gettin plade out."

My Uncle Ned, which has been in Indy and evry were, he says once a pig was swollowed alive by a big snake, and the pig it keep a squeelin in the stomach of the snake's belly. Then a member of the California Academy of Science he came along, and he got his spectacles on and looked a wile and then he took out his memorandum buke, and rote this way: "The boa constrictor is subject to violent fits of colic, and when its stomach is much distended with wind its moan is remarkably like the note of the domestic pig."

My mother she says aint Uncle Ned ashamed of himself to tell me sech things, but Uncle Ned he says it is better for me to know just how things really is than to gro up believin a lot of nonsense and lies. Ole Gaffer Peters he will swoller anything which he is tole, and one day when he was to our house Uncle Ned he sed, "Gaffer," and ole Gaffer he spoke rite up and said, "Wot?"

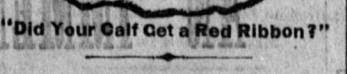
Then Uncle Ned he pinto to Bildad, that's the new dog, and he sed, Uncle Ned did, "Gaffer, if I was to tell you something a bout that dog wud you believe it?"

And Gaffer sed no he wudent—wot was it?

Then Uncle Ned sed, "Well, wen I come home yesterday Bildad was so glad for to see me that he wagged his tail so hard it flew off a mile."

Gaffer he chuckled and sed that wasnt so, cos the tail was on. But Uncle Ned he sed, "There's just where you make a mistake thru being so hard for to convince. That tail belongs to my cousin's dog which lives over the river. Bildad's tail it lit right down before that dog, which fritened him, and in turnin to run he give his own tail sech a jerk that it flew over here, and Bildad carlessly sed down on it. I had covered his stump with wax to keep it from bleedin, and the tail stuck to it. You could pull it rite off if you wanted to."

Gaffer he sed it beat any thing, and after a wile, wen he toke me and Uncle Ned wagent a lukin, he toke hold of Bildad's tail and give it a jerk. I never see sech a circus founance in my life, and Uncle Ned never did in hisn.—*Little Johnny, in San Francisco Wasp*.



"Did Your Cat Get a Red Ribbon?"

## Usury in Miniature.

A wful warning to borrowers don't do any good, but they must be published. A hopeful, industrious young Louisvilleian borrowed \$15 from a shrewd young Louisvilleian, agreeing to pay \$2 a week interest, and in case the interest should not be paid it was to be doubled. Hopeful's boss became Hopeful's security. The debt ran on a while, and Hopeful paid some of it, but unexpected expenses arose, and at the end of four months he found himself unable to pay any more. The interest had run up to \$28.60—total debt, only \$15 at first, now \$43.60! Shrewd began to smell a financial crisis. The debt has gone away beyond Hopeful's most exaggerated hopes. Shrewd raised a cyclone, and threatened a further disturbance of the elements. He came down on Hopeful's boss. The boss raised a racket that nearly unsettled the building. It was Shrewd and Hopeful, then Shrewd and the boss, then the boss and Hopeful. At length, when the elements had partly spent themselves, Shrewd magnanimously said he'd take \$30 and call it square; whereat the boss wrote out a check and Shrewd took it and went off to the bank to identify himself. What the boss and Hopeful said to each other after he had gone has not yet passed through the telephone exchange.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## Woodcock Telegraphy.

On a number of occasions I have closely observed the woodcock's system of telegraphy. The bird's mandibles are furnished with extremely sensitive nerves, so arranged that when the point of the bill rests upon the ground the slightest sounds are conveyed to its brain. Standing upon the water-saturated earth of a spouty bog, our bird utters a faint, keen cry, scarcely audible at two-rods' distance, then immediately lets fall his head till the tip of his bill touches the ground, and listens attentively. If his mate hears him she replies, puts her bill on the ground, and listens in turn. So the love messages go back and forth as long as the birds have anything to say. This sort of thing usually happens in the soft twilights from May to the middle of August, though occasionally I have seen and heard it in the broad light of a summer day. In June, 1868, I made the following note:

"To-day sketched a woodcock in the listening attitude. Shall try to get further studies."

Five years later I succeeded in getting three more sketches and last year (1880) I got four more. Many of these and kindred sketches have been obtained at the end of indescribable care and labor. The woodcock is so shy, so attentive, so sensitive, that the least sound will cause it to skulk and hide—a thing it does with even greater cunning and success than the quail. The only way in which I ever have been able to get near enough to the bird to sketch its natural attitudes has been to crawl on the wet ground through tangled weeds and shrubs until I reached a hiding place on the border of its feeding range, and there patiently and silently watch for its coming. This I have done over and over again for days together before getting sight of the bird.—*Chicago Tribune*.



Yes, Sir, the Display is Good—Splendid!

## An Intelligent Reptile.

"I want to tell you how my child's life was saved in the mountains," said an old farmer who came into the *Appeal* office. "You don't mind an item with a snake in it, do you?" Hearing no reply, the old man continued: "I was coming down from the lake with my little girl, when I stopped at a spring, my bottle having given out. While I was drinking the horse got frightened and dashed down the road with the child in the wagon. I only have twelve girls, sir, and wouldn't spoil the set for worlds. Well, I gave up the horse and child for lost, but I followed them up, and presently found the horse right on the edge of a precipice, at a dead standstill. He couldn't move an inch. When I got closer I thought a strap had caught round his fetlock and one end also round a tree. I went to pull the strap, and I jumped about ten feet, for burst me clear open if it wasn't a rattlesnake that was holding the horse. He had wound his tail around the horse's leg, and his neck was turned three times around a sapling, and his teeth were fast in the wood. He was twelve feet long, sir, for I measured him right then and there. A few pounds more of strain would have snapped the snake clear in two. I got the horse away from the precipice. And I might as well tell you the whole truth. The snake wasn't over five feet long, for when I took the strain off he came right back to his natural size. You know how elastic a snake is. The child is 4 years old, and wasn't frightened in the least. If you put this item in the weekly send me four copies—I want 'em for relatives in the East."—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal*.

## The Ups and Downs of Life.

The freaks of fortune are rarely more painfully illustrated than in the position which one of President Garfield's old educational companions now occupies in an apartment in the City Infirmary. This companion is an old lady, eighty-one years old, a Miss Davidson, who years ago was a teacher in Hiram College, a teacher when President Garfield was a tutor. Miss Davidson knew Garfield well. Her position was then superior to his. While her former inferior, as President of the United States, occupies the marble halls of the White House, she, as a pauper, is happier within the stone walls of our City Infirmary. Miss Davidson is a bright, intelligent old lady, and talks cheerfully of herself, and is an enthusiastic admirer of the President. She is one of the most industrious inmates of the infirmary, always using her needle mending or sewing for her unfortunate companions.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Forty thousand wax candles are instantaneously lighted by a single match in the Palace Royal, Berlin. The wicks are previous connected with a thread spun from gun cotton, on igniting one end of which all the candles in the 700 apartments are lighted simultaneously.



Bound to See the Horse Race.

## BITS OF INFORMATION.

COWPER, the poet, died in 1800.  
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG died in 1772.  
The British Museum was instituted in 1753.

THERE is perfect darkness at the North pole from Nov. 13 to Jan. 29, a period of seventy-seven days.

"A FEATHER in your cap"—This phrase originated in an old martial custom. Among ancient chiefs it was customary to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle by presenting them with a feather for their cap, which, when not in armor, was the covering of their heads. No one was permitted the feather except those who had done some gallant act in battle. From this custom arose the saying, when a person has performed a meritorious action, that it will be "a feather in his cap."

THE States in which you can obtain absolute divorce for desertion are as follows: In Alabama, for desertion for two years; Arkansas, for one year; California, willful neglect of the husband to provide for the wife for two years; Connecticut, willful desertion for three years, with total neglect of duty; Florida, desertion for one year; Georgia, for three years; Illinois, two years; Indiana, abandonment for one year; Iowa, two years; Kansas, one year; Kentucky, one year; Louisiana, five years; Maryland, three years; Massachusetts, five years; Michigan, two years; Minnesota, three years; Missouri, one year; Nebraska and Nevada, one year; New Hampshire and New Jersey, three years; Oregon, three years; Pennsylvania, two years; Rhode Island, five years; South Carolina, two years; Tennessee, two years; Texas, three years; Vermont, three years; Virginia, two years; West Virginia, three years; Wisconsin, one year. A bona-fide residence by you in any State will authorize you to institute a proceeding for divorce in its courts for any cause permitted by its laws, whether arising there or elsewhere. A period of residence is necessary in all States, that in Kansas being but one year.

"CHALK YOUR HAT"—This cant phrase had its origin in a literal illustration of the words. "Admiral" Reeside was an owner of various stage coaches in the days before railroads, and spent much of his time in Washington, which was, in fact, his residence for several years. At the annual adjournment of Congress he would pass his friends of the House and Senate—which included nearly the whole list—over any stage line he controlled. He would say to an Ohioan or Kentuckian: "I suppose you are going back to Cincinnati or Louisville, and I'll pass you through by stage." When asked how he would reply: "Give me your hat," and, taking the proffered chapeau, he would make a cabalistic chalk mark on it impossible to counterfeit, and restore it with the remark: "That will serve your turn; my agents will recognize it anywhere, and will not receive a cent from the man whose hat is so marked." Reeside was right. All his agents knew the sign at once. The thing became so common that some fellows tried to imitate it, but they were invariably detected and compelled to leave the stage or pay their fare. In the South or West "chalk your hat" still stands for what the East styles dead heading.



Going Home from the Fair.

Bayard on the Natural Affections. Senator Bayard said a pretty thing and a true one at an orphan asylum in Baltimore, the other day: "The best part of a man's life is in the world of his natural affections, and that realm has laws of its own that neither know nor heed King, Kaiser nor President, nor Reichstag nor Congress, and are deaf even to the voices of shouting popular majorities, but heed and obey rather the gentle voice of woman and the cry of helpless and feeble childhood."

Egg socials, at which the young men are expected to shell out, are popular all over the West.

## CURIOUS HISTORICAL RELIC.

## The Last Will and Testament of the Mother of George Washington.

Mr. Charles A. Thornton, of Kittrell, N. C., has in his possession the original draft of the last will and testament of Mrs. Mary Washington, the mother of George Washington. It is an old document, almost illegible with age, and threatening to crumble to pieces by handling. The following is a copy of this interesting document:

In the name of God—Amen.—I, Mary Washington, of Fredericksburg, in the county of Spotsylvania, being in good health, but calling to mind the uncertainty of this life, and willing to dispose of my worldly Estate, do make and Publish this my last Will, recommending my Soul into the Hands of my Creator, hoping for the remission of all my Sins, through the Merits and Mediation of Jesus Christ, the Savior of Mankind. I dispose of all my worldly Estate as follows:

Imprimis.—I give to my Son, General George Washington, all my Lands on Accokeek Run, in the County of Stafford, and also my negro boy George, to him and his Heirs forever; also my best bed, bedding and Virginia Cloth Curtains (the same that stand in my best room), my quilted blue and White Quilt and my best dressing glass.

Item.—I give and devise to my Son, Charles Washington, my negro man Tom, to him and his Assigns for Ever.

Item.—I give and devise to my Daughter, Betty Lewis, my Phaeton and my bay horse.

Item.—I give and devise to my Daughter in Law, Hanna Washington, my purple Cloth Cloak lined with Shag.

Item.—I give and devise to my Grand Son, Corbin Washington, my negro Wench Old Bet, my riding Chair, and two black horses, to him and his Assigns for Ever.

Item.—I give and devise to my grand Son, Fielding Lewis, my negro man Frederick, to him and his Assigns for ever; also my Eight Silver table Spoons, half of my Crockery Ware, and the blew and White Tea China, my Walnut book Case, oval Table, one Bed, bedstead, one Fr. Sheets, one Fr. blankets, and White Cotton Counterpane, Two table Cloaths, Six Red Leather Chairs, half of my pewter, and one-half of my Iron Kitchen Furniture.

Item.—I give and devise to my grand Son, Lawrence Lewis, my negro Wench Lydia, to him and his Assigns for ever.

Item.—I give and devise to my granddaughter, Betty Carter, my negro Woman Little Bet, and her future increase, to her and her Assigns for ever, also my largest looking-glass, my Walnut Writing Desk—with Drawers—and square and Dining Table, one bed, Bed Steal, bolster and pillows, one blanket, one Fr. Sheets, White Virginia Cloth Counterpane and purple curtains, my Red and White China, tea spoons, and the other half of my pewter, Crockery Ware, and the remainder of my iron Kitchen Furniture.

Item.—I gave to my grand son, Geo. Washington, my next best Dressing Glass, and Bed, Bed Steal, bolster, one pillow, one blanket, one pair Sheets and Counterpane.

Item.—I devise all my wearing apparel to be equally divided between my grand Daughters, Betty Carter, Fanny Ball and Millie Washington, but should my Daughter, Betty Lewis, fancy any one, two or three articles, She is to have them before a division thereof.

Lastly.—I nominate and appoint my said son, Gen. George Washington, executor of this my Will—and as I owe few or no debts—I direct my executor to give no security, nor to appraise my estate, but desire the same may be allotted to my devisees with as little trouble and delay as may be, desiring their acceptance thereof as all the tokens of my love I now have to give them. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 20th day of May, 1780.

[L. S.] MAY WASHINGTON.

Signed, sealed and published in the presence, and signed by us in the presence of the sd. May Washington, and at her desire.

Witnesses.—John Forney Hough, Jas. Meever, Joseph Walker.

## Fairs in England.

It is wonderful how completely the old English fair has disappeared. Every year the characteristics of "merrie England" become more and more historical. At Epsom races there are no more side shows, no speckled boys, no fat women, no dwarfs, giants, or living skeletons. The Richardson show is gone. The increasing crowds of people amuse themselves with plenteous potatoes of beer, throwing sticks at cocoanuts, and shooting from toy guns at targets. It is the same at fairs; even at Coventry Fair there is almost nothing of the old time. Lady Godiva is forbidden to lead her procession through the town, however thickly clad. The old Shrewsbury show occasionally appears, but only as a ghost of its former self. The Lord Mayor's show holds out longest, but it is a sad spectacle. Probably George Stephenson is responsible for this hiding away of the fairies that used to dance and sing. The railways have let in too much light on their solitudes. The fragments of that strange past, picked up and set a-playing like puppets at Albert Hall, were amusing, but there was a sad side to them. Human nature devours its own children, and sometimes plays with their bones.

"Pat," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped? They are much too long for a man." "And yours," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened—they are too short for an ass."

Wake, Mamma! Mamma's eyes are gone away; Sleep, mamma, sleep! Quiet at her side I'll stay; Sleep, mamma, sleep! Pretty eyelids smooth and white Cover up her eyes so bright— Little blankets soft and light Sleep, mamma, sleep!

Ah, the eyes are coming back! Wake, mamma, wake! I can see a glimpse of black; Wake, mamma, wake! Now they're shining, dark and bright; Fly back, little blankets light! Come again to-morrow night! Wake, mamma, wake!

—*Youth's Companion*.



"In Conclusion, My Friends, Let Me Advise You All to Attend the Fair."

## USEFUL HINTS.

Use fresh water. Water which has stood in an open dish over night should not be used for cooking or drinking, as it will have absorbed many foul gases.

Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them for a fortnight. Common salt-peter is also a very good preservative.

COMMON SODA is excellent for scouring tin, as it will not scratch the tin, and will make it look like new. Apply with a piece of moistened newspaper and polish with a dry piece. Wood ashes are a good substitute.

Take a new flower pot, wash it clean, wrap in a wet cloth, and set over butter, will keep it as hard as if on ice. Milk, if put into an earthen can, or even a tin one, will keep sweet for a long time, if well wrapped in a wet cloth.

STRONG LAVENDER WATER.—Take of English oil of lavender, two drams; essence of bergamot, one dram and a half; essence of ambergris and mellefleur, of each one dram; grain musk, three grains; rectified spirits of wine, half a pint. Mix.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Take carbolic acid diluted with water—take one part acid to ten parts water—and with a syringe throw this liquid into all the cracks and holes where they nest, and ants will soon vanish. Cockroaches are also driven away by it.

PERFUMED POWDER FOR BOXES AND DRAWERS.—Coriander powder, Florentine orris powder, powdered rose-leaves, powdered sweet-scented flag-root, of each two ounces; lavender flowers powdered, four ounces; musk, one scruple; powder of sandalwood, one drachm. Mix all together.

CURLING FLUID FOR THE HAIR.—Gum tragacanth, one ounce; rose water, one pint; let the gum soak in the rose water for forty-eight hours, then squeeze the whole through muslin or a coarse cloth, and it is fit for use. It should be applied to the ringlets with a soft curling brush, and, as it dries, the property of the fluid will become apparent.

TO REMOVE OIL-STAINS FROM BOOKS.—If the stains are extensive, roll up each leaf and insert it into a wide-mouthed bottle half full of sulphuric ether, and shake it gently up and down for a minute. On its removal, the stains will be found to have disappeared. The ether rapidly evaporates from the paper, and a single washing in cold water is all that is afterward required.

TO CLEAN MIRRORS.—Take a newspaper or part of one, according to the size of the glass. Fold it small and dip it into a basin of clean cold water; when thoroughly wet squeeze it out in your hand as you would a sponge, and then rub it hard all over the face of the glass, taking care that it is not so wet as to run down in streams. In fact, the paper must only be completely moistened or dampened all through. After the glass has been well rubbed with wet paper, let it rest for a few minutes, and then go over it with a fresh dry newspaper (folded small in your hand) till it looks clear and bright, which it will almost immediately and with no further trouble. This method, simple as it is, is the best and most expeditious for cleaning mirrors, and it will be found so on trial—giving a cleanliness and polish that can be produced by no other process.



"Took Care, Someodies, and Let Me Kot Myself in Mit Dot Fair."

"As FOR me, I do not believe what I do not understand." "Do you understand how it is that fire will soften butter but will harden an egg?" "No." "Yet you believe in an omelet!"



CHAS. M. MEACHAM, EDITOR.

HOPKINSVILLE, OCT. 8, 1881.

Mutilated silver coin are now worth only their weight as bullion.

Brady and the rest of the Star Route gang have given bail for their appearance for trial.

Capt. Henry Howgate has been sent to jail in default of a \$10,000 bond upon a charge of embezzlement.

A young man at Spring Lick, Ky., was born lucky, but it didn't keep him from being kicked to death by a mule.

Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, of Louisville, the foremost Presbyterian minister of the State, died last Wednesday, aged 67 years.

The editors of the Owensboro Messenger and Examiner threaten to publish the names of persons who leave the Opera house during performances "to see a man."

The Massachusetts Democratic State Convention met Wednesday and nominated a strong ticket. Chas. F. Thompson was the nominee for Governor.

Intimate friends of Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, deny that there is the remotest possibility of her marrying President Arthur, as rumored.

The Stalwart and Half-breed Republicans of New York met in Convention Wednesday and the meeting was perfectly harmonious. A compromise State ticket was nominated.

The Half-breeds carried the day in the New York Republican convention, by electing Depew Chairman, and Lord Roscoe took a back seat. The convention, however, endorsed Arthur.

Cards for the wedding of Miss Lizzie Haldeman, daughter of Col. W. N. Haldeman, of the Courier-Journal, to Mr. Chas. D. Pearce, of Maysville, are out. The marriage will take place in the Second Presbyterian Church, in Louisville, next Wednesday at 8 1/2 p. m.

A "Texican" from the headwaters of Bitter Creek, boarded the Little Rock train at Memphis Wednesday and proceeded to wash his face in the water cooler. A negro brakeman remonstrated, whereupon the gentleman from Texas drew a derringer and shot the negro in the arm.

The President, at least, is not a glass for looking through. No person seems to know just what he purposes to do. But on one point—though rather rough—the world at large agrees: When cooking takes a pinch of snuff the President must sneeze.—Yecoman.

I wish I had the overcoat. Last winter which I wore, you bet your life I'd never pawn that overcoat no more. The wind of winter's coming on, and it will cook my goose; I'll have to stand against a wall to hide my flag of truce.

## STATE NEWS.

There are 40 prisoners in the Richmond jail.

Hempseils at Lexington at from \$5.75 to \$6.25.

A negro girl 13 years old is in jail at Princeton, for stealing a mule.

Small-pox is still raging in Covington.

Peter Force, centenarian, died at Eminence, Wednesday.

There are now over 100 cases of smallpox in Covington. There have been 20 deaths.

Jno. C. Noble, formerly editor of a paper in this city, is a candidate for county Judge of McCracken county.

Circuit Court has just closed at Glasgow. One man was sentenced to death and eight were sent to the penitentiary.

Shelbyville Circuit Court is over. Six negroes were sent to the penitentiary for felony.

Urey Moss was found dead in Caldwell county with two bullet holes in his body. Alex and Logan McDowell were arrested on suspicion and confessed the crime.

Kinkade, the acrobat in Forepaugh's show, who performed the feat of turning a double somersault over several elephants, was killed at Puckaski, Tenn., this week. He missed and broke his neck.

Ed McDeanott a noted rough, stabbed and killed Jno. Keefe and Barney Carroll in Jeffersonville, Ind. McDermott was arrested, for the bloody crime.

## EXCHANGE SCINTILLATIONS.

The first "trick horse" on record was the wooden one introduced into Troy by the Greeks.—Breckinridge News.

One pretty girl kissing another is a good deal like eating maple syrup with a stick of candy.—Breck News.

Beecher says three-fourths of the inhabitants of heaven are women. Which explains his intense desire to reach there.—Gruelle.

Some people plant a tree when a child is born to them. As for us, on such occasions, we plant cotton in our ears.—Gruelle.

Whenever young ladies learn so to stick a pin in their apron strings that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist, there will be more marriages.—Ex.

There is so little difference between being full and being a fool, that most men can make no distinction.—Louisville Post.

"A compressed air brake," said the husband when his wife stormed at him on coming out of church for having sneezed so loudly.—Louisville Post.

Now that paper coffins are coming into style the authors of refused poems and tedious essays on the origin of warts can be buried in their work.—Denver Great West.

Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, has just been married an hour before sunrise, but the fact excites little comment. It is no uncommon thing for persons to marry before they have got their eyes open.—This and That.

Dr. Welsh, of Lancaster, Ohio, married Miss Della Nicely. The boys say that the Doctor did Nicely, but the lady did not do as Welsh might.—Sunday Argus.

Young men should be very careful and Jose the shutters during certain performances. It is pleasant, it is delightful, but a black coat sleeve will show as a prominent belt for a white dress.—State Sentinel.

"Stolen Kisses" is just now being played on the dramatic stage for the first time. Girls, who ought to know, say it has been one of the principal plays on the social stage ever since they could remember.—Braunsford.

Mr. Fort, of Lafayette, Ind., has a wife, and she has a lover. The husband came home unexpectedly the other day, and discovered the lover "holding the Fort" on his lap. And now comes a divorce suit.—Gruelle.

Worse than the spring poet is he who now takes advantage of the general gloom that overpreads our land to foist upon the mourning people "tributes of respect" to the memory of General Garfield, in the shape of ill constructed nonsense, which he calls poetry.—Sunday Argus.

A Lebanon Junction correspondent begins his letter thus:—"I take my pen in hand." It's well he told us this; otherwise we might have thought he took it in his mouth or between his toes. The strawling don't look like it was done by hand.—Elizabethtown News.

King Kakakana is expected to arrive in Cincinnati to-day, en route to the Blue Grass region to buy horses for his private stables at home on the Sandwich Islands. It is the managers of the Exposition were sharp they would catch him and show him the balance of the season. He would be a sandwich that would draw big.—State Journal.

Dr. J. Brint administered neonite to Miss Jas. Ross, for ergot, at Little Rock, and she was killed.

The Garfield Monument Fund now amounts to \$5,430.

Solomon C. Gales, a farmer, suicided at Watseka, Ill., with a rifle.

Wisconsin Democrats nominated M. D. Frater for Governor.

At Marion, O., Orria Depugh murdered Frank Foster.

A Chicago wheat buyer failed to the extent of \$1,000,000 yesterday, and his fall crushed the market so that he was able to pull through.

Inspired Trash.

The Chicago Tribune seems to be represented at Washington by a college graduate. He begins a recent dispatch concerning the wounded President with the remark that "The leaves were falling from the trees on the White House grounds to-day. The brown grass, strewn with the dead foliage, recalled with dreary emphasis the reality of Autumn present at last." Nothing could add to the beauty of this picture except the corpse of the man who would send such a message by telegraph, lying peacefully in a fence corner.

Intelligence received from the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y., announces the discovery of a new comet located in the constellation of Virgo. It is a striking coincidence that this new and bright comet appeared at the same hour President Garfield was breathing his last. It was first seen by E. E. Barnard in Nashville, Tenn., who has made claim through Prof. Swift for the Warner prize of \$200 in gold. This makes the fifth comet seen since May first and this number too have appeared from almost the same spot in the heavens.

A negro boy named Cleveland Miles was run over by a street car and killed at Lebanon.

\$22,000

WORTH OF

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, SHIRTS, SUSPENDERS, ETC.

Ladies Fine Shoes a specialty. Men's Custom Made Boots guaranteed. Experience and capacity wins. Try us and be happy. DABNEY & BUSH, Hopkinsville, Ky

## A Stubborn Fact.

I am over stocked with all grades of

FURNITURE,



Which Must Be Sold.

I will make it to your advantage if you will call to see my Goods All kinds of

COFFINS

AND

BURIAL ROBES

furnished on short

notice.

A. W. PYLE.

## NEW DRUG STORE!

Opposite Phoenix Hotel.

If you want Pure Medicines of any kind, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want Perfumery and Toilet Articles of any kind, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want Pens, Ink and Paper, cheap and fine, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want School Books of any kind, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want Oil, Chromos, cheap and fine, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want Points of any kind, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want Linseed Oil and Turpentine, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want Varnishes of any kind, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want a Fine Cigar, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

If you want anything usually found in a first class Drug Store, Go to J. R. Armistead's Drug Store.

His stock is large and complete.

His prices low and reasonable.

Physicians and country dealers would do well to get his quotations before purchasing elsewhere.

Every article warranted fresh and pure, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night.

TO FARMERS AND THRESHERMEN.

If you want to buy Threshers, Clover Cutters, Horse Powers or Engines (either Portable or Tractor) to use for threshing, saving or for general purposes, buy the "Starved Horse" brand. For Price List and Illustrated Pamphlet, send free will to: The American

United States Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.

## CROSS DUCKER &amp; DRYER.

MANUFACTURERS OF

STRICTLY

First Class Work.

WE ARE MAKING

A SPECIALTY OF

PLATFORM WORK AND

Fine Carriages.



Leave your orders

With us now for

Delivery in the

SPRING.

## THE PUBLIC

Is Invited to Call and Examine

WORK IN COURSE

OF CONSTRUCTION.

LEAVE YOUR VEHICLES FOR GENERAL

REPAIRS AND

WE WILL TURN THEM OVER

TO YOU IN THE SPRING

Like New Work.

Respectfully,

Cross, Ducker &amp; Dryer,

Hopkinsville, Ky.

N. L. Cavanah,

HEADQUARTERS

For Cheap

GROCERIES,

Wines Liquors,

Cigars, Tobacco, &amp;c.

FINE

Sugars and Syrups

A SPECIALTY.

S. A. NANCE, Jr., Manager.

Court Street, Hopkinsville, Ky.

T. J. MORROW

Dealer in

DIAMOND COAL,

Hay, Oats and Corn,

NASHVILLE ST. NEAR DEPOT.

3100 PRESENT!

Saw as Fast and Easy

as this one.

This is the King of Saw Machines. It

saws off a 2 foot log in 3 minutes.

20,000 in use. The cheapest machine

made, and fully warranted. Circular free.

United States Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.

H'CAHY, BOWTE &amp; CO.,

The Leading Carriage Firm

Of Southern Kentucky.

First Class Vehicles Manufactured to Order,

or for the trade. Repairing a Specialty.

Spring St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

Excelsior Planing Mills,

FORBES &amp; GANT, Prop'r's.

GENERAL LUMBER DEALERS

CONTRACTORS

AND

BUILDERS.

EXCELSIOR WAGONS.

CASH PAID FOR WALNUT LOGS.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

GISH &amp; GARNER,

PROPRIETORS OF

MODEL DRUG STORE,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WILD GOOSE LINIMENT,

FEMALE REGULATOR AND WOMAN'S FRIEND.

NEW YORK STORE,

SLESSER &amp; HAAS,

PROPRIETORS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CHEAP

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes,

Hats, Caps and Cents Furnishing Goods.

Main St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

AN IMMENSE STOCK.

Great Attractions.

Bargains! Bargains!

CLOTHING,

Gent's Furnishing Goods,

and Hats and Caps that surpasses anything ever brought to this market,

which we will sell during

THE FAIR

At astonishingly low prices. Come and see us everybody. Let no one escape.

Jas. Pye &amp; Co.

Main between Spring and Russellville Streets, Hopkinsville, Ky.



# THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN,

HOPKINSVILLE, OCT. 8, 1881.

## HERE AND THERE.

\$150 in premiums for saddle horses to-day.

\$240 in premiums for harness horses to-day.

\$10 premium to the best colored rider.

\$240 for fast running and trotting to-day.

\$650 in premiums given to-day at the Fair.

To-day will be the last day and it will be the best.

These bright nights are nice for moonlight walks.

This is the last day of the Fair but it will be the best.

The display of machinery is not as good as usual.

Pay your subscription to the South Kentuckian to-day.

The hacks did a driving business yesterday evening.

The dust was very bad yesterday, on the outside of the Fair grounds.

Single dash running race, free to all, to-day, for \$25 and \$10 premiums.

The shooting gallery and similar attractions did a big business yesterday.

It has not yet been decided who is the prettiest young lady attending the Fair.

The young ladies of Bethel Female College attended the Fair yesterday in a body.

Don't fail to call at Howe's Jewelry store and see the handsomest stock of goods you ever saw.

Don't forget to go to hear Rolla Ryan to-night. His entertainments have given the greatest satisfaction.

The big trotting race comes off to-day, mile heats, best two in three. First premium \$50, second premium \$25.

The Daily South Kentuckian bids its friends good bye with this issue, thanking the public for the kind reception it has met with.

Grand free for all trotting ring this evening. First premium \$75, second \$40, third \$15, mile heats, best two in three, and two to start.

You had better get a ticket in that Willard Hotel Lottery, from St. H. Turner as the drawing will take place Nov. 10th, sure.

The Henderson Cornet Band treated us to a delightful serenade last evening. They make most excellent music and have our thanks for the serenade.

Howe's old established Jewelry Store is the place to buy jewelry that is reliable. The new styles of ladies' and gents' watches, necklaces, finger rings, bracelets, &c., just received, are the handsomest ever brought to this market.

The attendance at the Fair yesterday, while not as large as upon corresponding days heretofore, was quite as good as was expected. There were very few colored people on the ground. The crowd was made up largely of people from the city, as all of the merchants closed their stores according to agreement. The clerks there were all on hand and have to thank their employers for an enjoyable day.

One of the most notable features of the Fair yesterday was the public school children. They came in a body, numbering over four hundred and marched around in the ring, behind the Band. They created a good deal of excitement for awhile. When they were marching around, two abreast, the line extended entirely around the amphitheatre. As it said to the credit of our citizens, they raised money by subscription to admit all of the children in a body. Many of them were too poor to buy their own tickets and it was quite a treat, to the little fellows to get in free of charge.

## Rolla Ryan.

Rolla Ryan gave another of his inimitable entertainments last night. The audience was tolerably fair. Mr. Ryan certainly possesses talents of a high order. The wonderful contortions of his face in his character sketches are truly marvelous. They are made with such rapidity that the audience can hardly realize that one man is representing all of the characters. If you want to spend a pleasant evening, do not fail to hear him to-night as it will be his last appearance here this season.

Mr. L. J. Crouch, of Webster county is at the Phoenix.

# SOCIETIES.

Dr. T. G. Keen is in Evansville.

Mr. R. B. Thomas, of Louisville, is in the city.

Miss Mattie Stoner came home to the Fair.

Miss Jennie Cabanis is at Bethel Female College.

Miss Mary Cooper of Bennetts town is in the city.

Miss Addie Wagner of Newstead is at Mr. F. L. Weller's.

Miss Mary McCrae of Clarksville is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Minnie Lander came home yesterday to attend the Fair.

Mr. Sam Campbell, sheriff of Webster county is in the city.

Ms. G. Smith Gaines, of Cadiz, is in the city attending the Fair.

Messrs Edwin Hodge and Paul Banks of Henderson, are attending the Fair.

Miss Lizzie Graves has returned home to Nashville after a visit to Miss Lillie McKinstry.

Mr. M. O'Hughes, Mrs. H. G. Sory and Mrs. B. Hughes of Saddlersville, Tenn., are at the Phoenix.

Mr. Jno. C. Thomasson, a member of the Henderson board of councilmen, is in the city taking in the Fair.

Mrs. Stephen Henry and his lovely daughter, Miss Annie, of Covington, Ky., arrived in the city yesterday and will remain several days visiting relatives.

## The Hop.

The hop at the Court House last night was a success in all respects. The very elite of Hopkinsville society and strangers from adjoining and other counties lent grace to the occasion. We will reserve a more extended notice till our regular issue next Tuesday.

## Married.

SEELY-LINDSAY: In this city Thursday evening, by Judge A. V. Long, Mr. Wm. Seely to Mrs. Alice Lindsay.

## THIRD DAY.

### SADDLE HORSES.

Best Stallion 4 years old and over \$20.00  
Best Mare 4 years old and over 10.00  
Best Yearling 1 year old and under 2 5.00  
Best 2 years old and under 2 10.00  
Best 3 years old and under 2 5.00  
Best 4 years old and over 10.00  
Best Saddle gelding, aged 20.00  
Best 2 years old and under 10.00

### SWEETSTAKES.

Best Saddle Animal of any age or sex \$20.00  
TROTTER RING.  
Fastest Trotter in harness for horses that have never made it in less than 2 mile heats, best 2 in 3.  
First Premium \$50.00  
Second Premium \$25.00  
Winner to show three, aged 20.

### GENTS' RIDING RING.

Best Gentleman Rider \$10.00  
RUNNING RACE—FREE TO ALL.  
Single dash of a mile, catch weights, three or more to enter and two to start.  
First Premium \$25.00  
Second Premium 10.00  
Winner to show three, aged 20.

### HARNESS STOCK.

Best Stallion 4 years old and over \$20.00  
Best Mare 4 years old and over 10.00  
Best Yearling 1 year old and under 2 5.00  
Best 2 years old and under 2 10.00  
Best 3 years old and under 2 5.00  
Best 4 years old and over 10.00  
Best Saddle gelding, aged 20.00  
Best 2 years old and under 10.00

### SWEETSTAKES.

Best Harness Animal of any age or sex \$25.00  
TROTTER RING—FREE TO ALL.  
Fastest Trotter, First Premium \$75.00  
Second Premium 40.00  
Third Premium 15.00  
Mile heats, best two in three, two or more to enter and two to start.

### CLOSING ACT.

Best Horsemanship by colored rider \$10.00  
No animal barred on account of having taken a premium before.  
Riding and driving rings free to all.

Starting homeward: They were standing just by the gate of the old farm-house, farmer Robinson leaning on the gate post. "Well, Miss, I hope you have enjoyed yourself this summer. We haven't put on much style for you, but we meant to treat you sort of so, so." "Don't mention it, pray," replied Miss Fitzjoy. "It's been the most delightful season I ever knew. Why, I've learned so much about farming that I really believe I shall set out some cucumber trees in the conservatory and have them fresh for breakfast all winter."—[New Haven Register.

A young man who lives in Austin and whose mustache is like faith, "the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things not yet seen," called on his prospective father-in-law, and gave notice that he intended marrying the old gentleman's daughter at an early date. "It had better take place on some Saturday, so that it will not interfere with your school hours," sarcastically remarked the old man.—[Texas Sittings.

# CITY BARBER SHOP.

HAWKINS & CROSS,

MAIN ST., OVER HOPPER'S DRUG STORE.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Respectfully invite the public to their

**Tonsorial Parlor,** promising to do SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING, SHAMPOOING, &c., in the most excellent way. Jan. 16, 78, N. Y.

SPECIAL LOCALS.

CAUTION.

Pay particular attention to the circular distributed by the enterprising firm of M. Frankel & Sons and it will be the means of saving you many a dollar. They have purchased their stock for cash and will sell them for 20 per cent less than any other house in Western Kentucky, go and see them and you will be convinced that the above is the fact.

LOUIS ELB is still in the land of the living and holds forth at his old stand next door to Capt. Beard's new building. Call and see him and he will sell you cheap.

Hardware Store.

If you need any FRUIT JARS, JELLY GLASSES, Extra Tops, or Sealing-wax. I will be glad to sell them to you at greatly reduced prices.

C. A. Thompson.

New York

Saddle Rock Oysters Served in any style at E. L. Gouhot's.

A large lot of can goods bought before the advance at N. L. Cavanah's

Bluestone ten cents a pound at HOPPER & SON'S.

LADIES—Mr. C. B. Webb has at his residence a great variety of Grasses for Winter Bouquets, and ROOTS and BULBS for fall planting.

8 lbs. good coffee for \$1. at N. L. Cavanah's.

Call at C. B. Webb's for Saddlery and Harness of every description during the Fair.

A large lot of mackerel put in any size packages cheap at N. L. Cavanah's

M. C. Forbes

will sell you a buggy cheap. Call and see him to-morrow before you go to the Fair.

All Orders received from Merchants for Cakes and Bread promptly attended to at Metcalfe's.

Forbes & Gant will pay you \$20.00 per thousand feet for Walnut logs.

# J. H. Winfree & Co.

Dealers in

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

FIELD SEEDS,

Agents for the Celebrated McCormick

REAPERS,

MOWERS AND BINDERS,

Sole Agents for the Renowned

STUDEBAKER,

and Old Hickory Wagons,

AUTMAN TAYLOR THRESHERS,

The best in the market,

Bookeye and Superior Grain Drills,

Champion Sulky Plows, South

Bend Chilli Plows, agents for

Louis Cook's Buggies,

Nashville Street, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Jno. A. Lee & Co.,

ST. LOUIS GROCERY,

NASHVILLE STREET,

Near Depot,

Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOKS, STATIONERY, AND FURNISHING GOODS.

GIVE US A TRIAL. We carry a full and complete line and sell at bottom prices, remember stand

NEXT DOOR TO CANSLERS OLD STAND.

Main St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

FOR SALE

Second hand cooking

stove and kitchen furniture

for sale. Apply to

W. S. Davison at M.

Gant's store or his dwelling

on Main street opposite J. T. Savage.

Metcalfe's Bakery

is now turning out

Fresh Bread and

Cakes every day. Call

and get Fresh Bread

and Cakes.

# DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES!

G. H. BRANDON

HAS THE BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

Watches, Clocks, Charms, Chains,

SLEEVE BUTTONS, COLLAR BUTTONS,

LADIES SETS, BRACELETS, LACE PINS, NECKLACES,

SILVERWARE, WATER SETS,

Butter Dishes, Pickle Casters & Spoons,

And will sell cheaper than any one in the city.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

Respectfully,

G. H. BRANDON,

Court St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

FRANK B. WOOLDRIDGE, THOS. W. BUCKNER.

THE ANCHOR DRUG STORE,

WOOLDRIDGE & BUCKNER, Prop'rs.,

—IS THE PLACE TO BUY—

PURE AND FRESH DRUGS

AND

Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

A LARGE STOCK OF

School Books and Stationery.

LADIES, you are especially invited to call

and examine our excellent Stock of

Toilet and Fancy Goods.

WOOLDRIDGE & BUCKNER,

Main St., Hopkinsville, Ky.

H. G. ABERNATHY. H. H. ABERNATHY.

ABERNATHY & CO.,

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE,

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Special Attention Paid to Sales of Tobacco.

Main Street Tobacco Warehouse,

BUCKNER & WOOLDRIDGE,

PROPRIETORS.

LIBERAL ADVANCES ON TOBACCO IN STORE.

THE CASH STORE,

GLASS CORNER.

IF YOU DESIRE TO BUY YOUR

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, AND WOOLEN UNDERWEAR

From a fresh and new stock, bought direct from the manufacturers at CASH

Prices, call at the CASH STORE, and you will save 25 per cent by

buying from

GARNETT & DETREVILLE,

Glass Corner, Main and Bridge Sts.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

HEAD US!

UNDERWOOD & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Hecla and St. Bernard Coal,

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.



#### Think of Him.

Think of me,  
When the golden gleams of sunlight  
Finge the soft, sweet summer air,  
And fall upon the hair of me,  
As the voice that answers prayer;  
As I think of thee, then think of me.

Think of me,  
When the shadows of the woodland,  
Bathed in moonlight, half divine,  
Fall as soft as benedictions,  
From those tender lips of thine;  
As I think of thee, then think of me.

Think of me,  
When the dew of the twilight  
Drops on the hair of me,  
And the silver streams of moonlight  
Trace the path of day;  
As I think of thee, then think of me.

Think of me,  
When the stars of the night  
Like a falling star, I shoot,  
And I recognize the motor,  
In the stars that shine so bright;  
Then think of me—then, oh, then!

#### HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WESTERN desperado recently shot dead a man because he wouldn't pray. How very dangerous Western life would be for many of us.—*New Haven Register.*

"How could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately and tell her you are sorry." Freddie goes to auntie and says, "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid."

EMMA AUBREY has invented a new kiss. If she desires to dispose of the old lot at cost she can learn of something to her advantage by calling at his office out of business hours.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Twenty years," says a colored philosopher, "niggers was wuf a thousand dollars apiece. Now dey would be dead at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stounishing' how de rascals am depreciatin'."

"Your husband is not in to-day, ma'am," said a collector who called at the door. "No, he is not." "Do you know where I can find him?" "I guess he's gone fishing. He carried a glass bottle with something he called bait."

AUNT MATILDA—"And do you study geography, Janet?" Janet—"Geography? I should think so, indeed!" Aunt Matilda—"Where's Glasgow?" Janet—"Glasgow?" Oh, we haven't got so far as that. We're only got as far as Asia."

Now that elephants' milk has been analyzed and found to be superior to cows' milk, of course it will become fashionable. And as it will be sold at a high price, dealers can afford to make it of the fine quality of chalk and very pure water.

"SAM, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good strawberries on the top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front of your house marble and de back gate chiefly slop bar'l, sah."—*Exchange.*

UNCLE MOSE asked Gus De Smite why it was that the weather was so much warmer in summer than in winter. "I thought every darned fool knew that," growled Gus. "So did I, boss. That's why I puts de question to you on purpose."—*Texas Siftings.*

"But do you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbors, "you know, pa, ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there is no better culture in the country than agriculture."

"The Bible says, 'Love your neighbors as yourself,'" the parson remarked; but of course we must not take this literally. If you manage to love your neighbor one-hundredth part as much as you do yourself, many of you, it will be all that can be reasonably expected of you."—*Boston Transcript.*

MAMMA—"Did you enjoy your ride, Elise?" Elise—"No, mamma, and reason enough, for Connie James says the Van Smiths are going to give a dance, and we're not asked." Mamma—"Well, my dear, your poor aunt's death was providential—of course we can't go."

It is said that death lurks in cheap colored stockings.—*New Orleans Picayune.* Sho! We've known death to lurk in the toe of an enraged parent's boot, but didn't suppose he could kick a man to death in his stocking feet. We wouldn't go there any more if we were in your place.—*New Haven Register.*

#### Big Trees.

We hitched a couple of farm horses to a spring-wagon, filled it with provisions, tents and blankets, and struck out for the mountains, traveling from fifteen to twenty miles per day. The first place we reached of importance was the Big Trees of Calaveras county. I must admit that they staggered my imagination, and exceeded anything in the vegetable growth I had ever seen. In the stump of one of these trees a ball-room thirty-three feet across is built, and it requires a ladder of eighteen steps to ascend to the top of the log, on which was built a ten-pin alley. It has been burnt up, but the body of the old charred monarch of the forest still remains. Think of it! a hollow log through which one can ride on horseback 100 feet and come out through a knot-hole! There are some ninety of these trees, measuring from fifty to 100 feet in circumference, and reaching up to the skies—from 300 to 450 feet. They are the remnant of a past forest that one time was more common, but are now confined to some dozen groves scattered from here to King's river—grand old trees, that have withstood the storms of thousands of winters, and were sapling when Moses was a little boy, found in the bulrushes of the Nile. What a history could they tell! What a monument of growth! Enough to shame the vanity of proud Cheops, the builder of the Pyramids. They have grown and lifted their heads higher and higher, while the proud Kings and empires of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome have passed away. They lived and flourished when Christ preached repentance to the Jews, and were full-grown trees when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors ran wild in the woods and painted their faces like the Indians. From the rings that denote the annual growth of these trees science has estimated some of them to be four 4,000 years old, while they stand over the fallen bodies of a much older growth, covered over with earth and large growing trees, as it is one of the peculiarities of this timber not to decay. It appears to be a species of redwood.—*Correspondent San Francisco Examiner.*

MANY an old dog has more courage than the average man.

#### Painting Daniel Webster's Portrait.

Webster, said Mr. Healy, the celebrated American portrait painter, was an excessively bad sinner. I had been commissioned to paint his portrait for King Louis Philippe, and for Lord Ashburton, as well as to prepare a portrait which is now in the State Department at Washington. On the first evening after my arrival at his house in Marshfield, the subject of the painting was approached only in the conversation after dinner. The great man inquired how many sittings I should want and how much time he must give. I was much impressed by his pensive voice and his grand manners; so I answered, rather modestly, "Six sittings of two hours each." "I can't give you," said Mr. Webster, in his deepest voice. "I reflected a moment and then answered: 'It is very well to know that, for I shall now be able to return to Boston in the forenoon of to-morrow.' "How is that?" he said. "I stated that my invariable rule was to have six sittings, as I had three portraits to finish. I could not undertake to do the work unless he would be kind enough to comply with my conditions. 'I could not,' I said, 'agree to give a false resemblance of yourself to Lord Ashburton and to the King without six sittings.' He seemed amazed at my presumption, but finally he said: 'Very well; I will do the best I can.' A lady who was present subsequently remarked to me that she had never heard any one speak in that way to Mr. Webster before. 'I am proud of you,' she said. He proved a kindly, though a difficult sinner. After he had risen from one of the sittings he placed his hand on my shoulder and accompanied me to the door. 'Mr. Healy,' said he, and his voice seemed to shake the threshold of the door, 'do you see the brow of yonder hill? Go there with the telescope which you see hanging in the hall, put it to your little eye, and when you come back tell me if in Europe there is such an enchanting spectacle.' 'Not a splendid subject, bad sinner—impatient—such was Mr. Webster!' 'At a little later period,' he added, 'I was in Washington making a study of Mr. Webster's head for a picture of him as he appeared when replying to Hayne in 1839. Mr. Webster, who was often weighed down with public duties, managed to give me an occasional morning. A French artist friend of mine, a diminutive but very agreeable person named Du Bourjal, was admitted at the same time with myself to make studies for an aquatint. One morning after I had finished my details of the face and was to paint the garments and some small matters connected with the statesman's general appearance, Mr. Webster arrived in very bad humor. I made the mistake of trying to talk him out of it, but the little Frenchman, who had a wholesome fear of the great man, and withal a terror, I soon found that Mr. Webster was not inclined to respond to cheerful talk, and presently he said, in a voice like rumbling thunder: 'What are you painting this morning, Mr. Healy?' 'I am painting the dress, sir.' 'Then why do you wish me to talk?' he said, very gravely. I accepted the reproach and meekly attended to my duties. The little Frenchman doing his work in silence, and after we had finished, Mr. Webster arose, went over to Du Bourjal, took him by the hand and said: 'Come and see us to-night and take a dish of tea.' He then glared at me for a moment, as if hesitating whether or not to invite me, and bring your friend Mr. Healy with you,' he added. He then stalked out majestically, and the little Frenchman said: 'Do you know what I thought when he turned to you just now? I thought he was going to take me by the legs and beat your brains out with me!'

#### Inflamed Throats.

A sore throat is no more evidence of a cold than a sore finger, though it may be one of the indications. A cold is attended by a shivering chill, dryness of the skin, with more or less constriction of the surface and a general commotion of the whole system, and may be attended by a sore throat, or tightness across the lungs, or bowel derangements, feverishness, etc. Such a cold closes in an unusual amount of morbid waste matter, ordinarily escaping through the pores, and may be the first stage of many forms of disease. The remedy is plain—opening the pores by a sweat, by warmth of the body, by friction of the surface with a warm, flesh-brush and the like—simply removing the causes.

But a sore throat is not removed, necessarily, by these means, simply because it does not always, or generally, originate in a cold. Most of these inflamed throats, in my opinion, are produced by derangements of the stomach, in consequence of dietetic errors and abuses. These inflame and even ulcerate this organ, and, by a law of the system based on sympathy, all similar surfaces, if contiguous, are more or less affected similarly. Hence the physician looks at the tongue to learn of the state of the stomach. If this is "coated," so is the stomach; if this is red and angry, the mucous surface entirely removed it is cracked, that is in a similar condition. And if a surface so far removed from the stomach is thus affected by sympathy it is not strange that one between—the throat—should show signs of irritation and be sore. Indeed, it is not only true that the whole course of the food-pipe is thus inflamed and diseased, but that the stomach, even more diseased, gives less evidence in the matter of sensation, in consequence of a merciful provision, that of having less sensitive nerves.

The cure of such a throat is found in the care of the stomach, mainly by reasonable fasting, the use of plain food in moderate quantities, etc. Gargling alum water will be of some service. Also only a very moderate use of salt and the irritating spices will effect much by way of prevention, which is much better than cure.—*Dr. J. H. Hanafor.*

Mr. JAMES PARTON says that a curious circumstance occurred many years ago, when a testator in England left £2,000 to a friend, but with the condition that one-half the sum should be buried with him in his coffin. The legatee took advice on this matter. "Where is the money now?" asked his friend. "In the bank," was the reply. "All right," said the adviser: "Write a check for £1,000 and put it in the old gentleman's coffin, payable to his order."

#### "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

How it Came to be Written.

Two miles distant from this village, over among a group of hills through which used to wind the celebrated Crab Orchard pike of half a century ago, stands a fine old red-brick mansion facing south and commanding a view of miles upon miles of wave-like hills and valleys. Fifty years ago was the plantation of Gen. Thomas Kennedy, a Virginian, who fought at King's mountain with Marion and came to Kentucky about 1780 to wrest the garden of the central portion of the State from the Indians. The old red-brick house and the ground all about it have lately become famous as being the original scene in Mrs. Stowe's novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Gen. Kennedy owned 7,000 acres of land, 150 slaves, and was enormously wealthy for those days. He was a man of wonderful character and determination, a Black Douglass in the Garfield hills. He was a tall, athletic and hale man, with the erect carriage of an Indian and the mien of a commander. He was, in the main, a man of fair impulse and royal generosity when calm; but, when angered, he was insatiably cruel to his slaves. Gen. Kennedy died in 1836, and left the bulk of his property to his son Thomas, then about 20 years old. In three years the young man had run through more than a great fortune, and was dead at the very outset of his career. Among the slaves left in his estates was an intelligent, high-strung octoroon boy, named Lewis Clarke, who had been granted comparative freedom, in being allowed to travel about with an open pass, trading, weaving and occupying himself as he pleased, paying his master a certain sum every month. When the estate came to be settled, it was discovered that some of the slaves must be sold, and an execution was issued against Lewis among the others. The rumor got out, and at that day the rumor was a dreadful one among slaves—that they were to be "sold down South." On the first night of the September month in 1841, Lewis Clarke mounted his pony and struck for liberty. He rode away and over the hills to Ohio and to Canada. Then he went to Cambridge, Mass., lived for seven years with A. S. Baber, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Stowe, visited his relatives every summer, and took a deep interest in Lewis Clarke, his experiences and his narrative of incidents, pathetic, humorous and terrible, of slave life, and the horrors which the system made possible, and which were, in localities, frequent from brutal and irresponsible masters.

From Lewis Clarke's own lips I gathered the story of how Mrs. Stowe came to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Dr. Bailey, who published the *Philanthropist* in Cincinnati, had been persuaded to move to Washington city about 1848 or 1850, where he established an emancipationist organ, the *National Era*. He thought if he could get some woman of literary reputation and ability to write a series of articles for his paper every week on the subject of slavery and its violation of the finest sentiments, that it would revive public interest and carry his paper to people it had never reached before. The names of Mrs. Lydia M. Child and others were proposed, but not accepted. Lewis Tappan, who was one of the counselors, finally said he knew of one woman who could do the work successfully, that she was poor and must be paid for it, but that she would succeed. He then mentioned Mrs. Stowe, and advised Dr. Bailey to write to her, and by way of earnest, inclose her a draft for \$100. The letter was written and the draft sent. The next week there appeared in the columns of the *National Era*, not the first of a series of articles on slavery, but the first chapters of a story called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The circulation of the *National Era* increased at once, and soon became very large. Mrs. Stowe was poor and earning her money so laboriously that, for fear the great novel would be cut short, she sent an additional draft for \$300. Then she copyrighted the story, which in book form has made her a fortune, and become more famous than any novel ever issued from a printing press.—*Lowell (Ky.) Cor. Courier-Journal.*

#### Caught by a Bunch of Oranges.

A gentleman's destiny threw him one day, alone and unprotected, in the immediate vicinity of two artificial oranges attached to a brown chip hat. The scene of this drama was a Broadway omnibus. The oranges, potent to attract and concentrate the attention of the passers by, were powerless to conceal the humiliating fact that their wearer, for some cause or another, was wanting in that most excellent thing in woman, a porte-manteau. Owing to the absence of this trivial appendage, the brown chip hat might have been ignominiously expelled from the vehicle had not the gentleman, without once removing his eyes from the oranges, gallantly deposited in their behalf five cents in the money box, a process which gained him a charming look of acknowledgment from a pair of bright eyes, peeping from under the brown hat, as well as a drooping wave of recognition from the golden fruit of the Hesperides. Some time after the hero of the omnibus adventure found himself on a boat bound for Newport. An unexpected palpitation of the heart caused him to turn as a bonnet brushed past him. On such a point there could be no possible illusion. The oranges again—and an intimate friend of his own providing for them an eligible nook on the deck of the steamboat. A passport to the society of the chip hat once legitimately obtained, such progress ensued in the line of its ultimate subjugation that when the oranges were invited to transform themselves into a wreath of orange blossoms, without a murmur they consented to this retrogressive movement.—*The Hour.*

#### Did Not Understand Journalism.

I recollect sitting at a table in London beside the editor of a leading journal. He said: "I am in distress; I have lost one of my regular writers." I did not know about journalism at the time, so I remarked: "I suppose you will have to get another." He replied: "Get another! I will have to get three, and I will be surprised if at the end of a year one of these three writers does as well as the writer I have lost."—*Goldwin Smith.*

#### CELESTIAL HORSEMANSHIP.

Vivid Description of a Chinaman's Attempt to Ride a Bouncing Bronco.

(By Mr. S.)

When a Chinaman does most anything in his own peculiar Oriental style, it is pretty apt to attract attention; but when he gets on a bucking bronco with the cheerful assurance of a man who understands his business, and has been conversant with the ways of the bronco for over two thousand years, the great surging mass of humanity ceases to surge, and stands with bated breath and watches the exhibition with unflinching interest.

A Chinaman does not grab the bit of the bronco and yank it around until the noble steed can see thirteen new and peculiar kinds of fireworks, or kick him in the stomach and knock his ribs loose, or swear at him till the firmament gets loose and begins to roll together like a scroll, but he does his hair up in an Oriental wave behind and jabs a half hair-pin into it and smiles, and says something like what a Guinea hen would say if she got excited and tried to report one of Bjornstjerne Bjornson's poems backwards in his native tongue.

Then he gets on the wrong side and slides into the saddle, making a remark as though something inside of him had broken loose, and the grand difficulty begins.

At first the bronco seems surprised and temporarily rattled intellectually, and he stands idly in the glad sunlight and allows his mental equilibrium to wobble back into the place while the Chinaman makes some observations that sound like the distant melody of a Hancock Club going home at 2 o'clock in the morning, and all talking at once and the same time.

By and by the bronco shoots athwart the stony sky like a thing of life, and comes down with all his legs in a cluster like a bunch of asparagus, and with a great deal of force and expression.

This movement throws the Chinaman's liver into the northwest corner of the thorax and his upper left hand deodasim into the middle of the subsequent week, but he does not complain. He opens his mouth and breathes in all the atmosphere that the rest of the universe can spare, and readjusting his shirt-tail so that it will have the correct inclination toward the horizon, he gently tickles the bronco on the starboard quarter with the cork sole of his coriander shoe. This mirth-provoking movement throws the bronco into the wildest hysterics, and for twenty minutes the spectators don't see anything distinctly. The autumn sunlight seems to be mixed up with blonde bronco, and the softened haze of October seems fraught with pale blue shirt-tail and disturbed Chinaman, moving in an irregular orbit, and occasionally throwing off meteoric articles of apparel and his pre-historic chunks of ingenuous profanity of the vintage of Confucius, marked B. C. 1860.

When the sky clears up a little the Chinaman's hair has come down and hangs in wild profusion about his olive features. The hem of his shirt-flap is seen to be very much frayed, like an American flag that has snapped in the breeze for thirteen weeks. He finds also that he has telescoped his spinal column and jammed two ribs through the right superior duplex, and he has two or three vertebrae floating about through his system that he don't know what to do with. The casual observer can see that the Chinaman is a robust ruin, while the bronco is still in a good state of preservation.

But the closing scene is still to come. The bronco summons all his latent energy, and humping his back up into the exhilarating atmosphere, he shoots forward with great earnestness and the most reckless abandon, and when he once more bisects the earth's orbit and jabs his feet into the trembling earth, a shapeless mass of brocade silk and coarse black hair, and tapers, and Celestial shirt-tail, and Oolong profanity and disorganized Chinese remains, and shattered Oriental shirt destroyer, comes down apparently from the New Jerusalem, and the coroner goes out on the street to get six good men and a chemist, and they analyze the collection.

They report that the deceased came to his death by reason of concussion, supposed to have been induced by his fall from the outer battlements of the sweet bye and bye.

#### Prehistoric Man.

In Yucatan some discoveries have been made of a very interesting character, mainly by Dr. Le Plongeon, the agent of the American Archaeological Institute, who has excavated the ruins of Mayapan, once the capital of Yucatan, a powerful tribe among the aboriginal inhabitants. The latter history of that important town is well known; for, less than a century before the arrival of the Spanish invaders the King of the tribe had been murdered by his nobles, his followers dispersed and the royal city destroyed, so that the objects brought to light by Dr. Le Plongeon's exertions find their place immediately as historical documents. Among other things, portrait sculptures of the unfortunate King have been discovered, which are at once recognized as similar in face and figure to bas-reliefs of Chichen Itza, the metropolis of Yucatan, where the Lords Paramount held their Court, and where the King of Yucatan is represented as doing a sort of homage to the Suzerain. The coincidence seems to point to a period of special artistic development throughout that region, when pictorial or sculptured representations of the affairs of daily life had become somewhat habitual. Further proofs of enlightenment are found in astronomical instruments, such as stone dials of accurate workmanship, which were found still standing on a smooth platform, covered only with a few inches of vegetable mold. Various observations were made in regard to the religious emblems discovered, but beyond a strong resemblance of some of them to those of Eastern Asia, no extraordinary developments are shown. Dr. Le Plongeon's accounts make a remarkable and interesting continuity of language, family names, and even of habits, between the ancient inhabitants of Yucatan and their modern descendants. It has been well said that all archaeological discovery originates in the endeavor to investigate traditions, which survive after brick and stone have crumbled to dust; and it is very probable that further acquaintance with the friendly and civilized and natives may furnish clues to discoveries of great importance.—*New York Star.*

#### The Indian Foot-Race.

The Governor of San Juan—for each pueblo has a Governor of its own nomination and election—graciously walked down to clear the course. In his hand he bore as a scepter what seemed to be a bottle of whisky, but what in reality was a whisky bottle filled with gunpowder that he distributed as largesse to the Indians with guns, and behind him came a company of guards in their finest clothes bearing green branches and wearing—a part of them, at least—garlands of green leaves upon their shocks of hair. These guards he distributed, at intervals of a hundred yards or so, in couples along the course; the couples being taken, apparently, from the opposite sides. This preliminary being settled a tremendous old patriarch, with a waving mass of gray hair down to his shoulders and wrinkled beyond all expression, stepped out midway in the track bearing in his hands an ancient drum, and began to roll together like a scroll, but he does his hair up in an Oriental wave behind and jabs a half hair-pin into it and smiles, and says something like what a Guinea hen would say if she got excited and tried to report one of Bjornstjerne Bjornson's poems backwards in his native tongue.

With becoming dignity he sounded a long roll upon his drum: the signal for the race to begin. Long before he had finished, two lads, the youngest of the racers, had started out together and on an easy lope came down the course, while the three or four thousand spectators sent up a ringing yell. As the boys arrived at the goal two men started out, not together, but as far apart as the boys were when they came in. This was rather puzzling, but after a little investigation the principle of the race was clear. The two sides were divided, each into couples, one man of each pair being at the end of each track. As a runner came in his partner at once started out, while the partner of the man who lost the heat had to start as far in the rear as the distance by which the heat had been lost. The final victory rested with the man whose man came in first on the final heat. One advantage of this arrangement, as far as the spectators were concerned, was that the race was going on all the time; and as the man behind frequently overtook and passed the man who had started out ahead, victory constantly trembled in the balance and from start to finish the excitement was kept at fever heat. For the most part the running was magnificent, the little forms and vigorous muscles coming out grandly under the spur of emulation and the encouraging shouts of the crowd. Indeed, the encouragement was rather overwhelming, vigorous partisans breaking through the line of guards and coming close to the runners to shout "Aca!" "Aca!" "Our side!" "Our side!" The scene along the course, meanwhile, was as picturesque as it well could be. Pressing close upon each side over its entire length was the brightly dressed crowd of Indians and Mexicans, on foot and on horseback, brilliant scarlet blankets and white robes giving the high lights, while softer colors shone in the shawls and wraps of the Mexican women, and so graded off into the warm browns of the ground and of the clay houses to the black sombreros of the men. Higher up, along the roofs of the houses, the same color effect was repeated against the brilliantly clear blue sky. And down the wide lane traversing the crowd from end to end, the magnificent fellows went tearing along as hard as ever they could go. It was a barbaric rendering of the Olympian games.—*San Juan (N. M.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

#### Jews in Spain.

The return of Jews into Spain brings out one of those strong and significant contrasts in which the history of modern Europe so much abounds. From about the earliest times subsequent to the conquest of their own country by the Romans, down to the decree of expulsion near the close of the fifteenth century, their history in Spain was a part of the history of the nation itself. It has been maintained that they were first introduced by the fleets of Solomon and the arms of Nebuchadnezzar, but in recorded history there is no trusted evidence of an earlier occupation than the time of Hadrian. It is known that under this Emperor 10,000 families of the tribe of Benjamin were taken into Spain, and 40,000 of the tribe of Judah. Under the Gothic rule, from early in the seventh century until the time of the Moorish conquest in the eighth, they were cruelly persecuted. "The wealth which they accumulated by trade," says Gibbon, "and the management of the finances invited the pious avarice of their masters, and they might be oppressed without danger, as they had lost the use and remembrance of arms." Gibbon estimates that 90,000 were compelled to receive the sacrament of baptism. New force, it is believed, was brought to bear against them in a decree forbidding them to leave the country, so that the stern alternative was to surrender their faith or receive the lash and lose their fortunes; flight was out of the question. When the Saracen conquerors appeared in North Africa, they found in these persecuted Jews of Spain ready allies, and became afterward indebted to them for their most important acquisitions. Thus, in the eighth century was formed that alliance between Jews and the followers of Mohammed which endured in Spain until its final expulsion of both races under the rule of Ferdinand and Isabella. Various estimates have been made of the number of Jews whom the Inquisition in that age drove from Spain, the lowest being 100,000 and the highest 800,000. Among the number were the ancestors of Lord Beaconsfield, who fled to Venice and there established themselves in prosperous trades. Jews expelled from Russia will now go to Spain under specific royal sanction.—*New York Times.*

IN PARIS, at the commencement of the war of 1870-71, many of the people held that the heavy firing on the battle fields far away caused the constant storms in the capital during the months of August and September. They would watch the heavy clouds gathering, and as the first distant peal of thunder reached their ears, would shudder and say: "Again! they are fighting. Ah, mon Dieu!" and in a few moments the Madeleine would be filled with women on their knees, trembling with fear and anxiety who loved ones far away. The storm clouds invariably filled the churches.

#### FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

"Hub of the Universe," a popular designation of the city of Boston, Mass., originated with Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MAKING tooth-picks of wood is by no means a modern idea. The Romans used wooden toothpicks in preference to quills.

The name Gotham was first applied to the city of New York by Washington Irving in "Salmagundi," because the inhabitants were such wiseacres.

The first circus in this country was managed by a man named Ricketts, in 1780. Gen. Washington and his staff patronized the performance in Philadelphia, and it became quite a fashionable amusement.

It has been supposed among antiquarians that the clapper is a modern addition to bells, and that it did not form a part of those employed in Japan or China. Mr. Henry O. Forbes, however, says that when in Java he saw in the possession of a gentleman there a bronze bell dug up on the site of one of the old Hindoo settlements, of which now only the graves remain. It had lost the clapper, but the hook to which doubtless a clapper was attached existed still.

The source of the common saying, "consistency thou art a jewel," has puzzled many a scholar, and whether or not the following authority may be relied upon as the starting point or as only using a borrowed idea we cannot assert. In a ballad entitled "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in 1764, in a little volume of English and Scotch ballads, the poet bewails the extravagance in dress which he considers the great enormity of his day, and makes Robyn address his wife as follows:

Tush, tush, my lass! such thoughtless regin,  
Comparisons are cruel;  
Fine pictures suit to frames as fine;  
Consistency's a jewel.

Pythagoras was a Greek philosopher, who was the son of a jeweler of Samos, born about 580 years before Christ. At an early age he traveled, going to Egypt, where it is said he resided twenty-five years. Then it is related he went to Babylon, Judea, and it is even asserted he penetrated to Gaul and India. He established a school in Italy, and effected some reformation in the inhabitants. He was persecuted, however, the friends of a rejected student of powerful family compelling him to withdraw to Metapontum, where he soon after died, probably about the year 500 B. C.

The finest floors are said to be seen in Russia. For those of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. Fir and pine are never used, as in consequence of their sticky character they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened. Pitch pine, too, is liable to shrink, even after being well seasoned. The mosaic wood floors in Russia are of extraordinary beauty. One, in the Summer Palace, is of small squares of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl. A considerable trade is done in Dantzic and Riga by exporting small blocks of oak for parquet floors. There is an active demand for these in France and Germany, but none in England.

Unlucky People.

A genuinely unlucky man who ental as much misery upon those who are dependent upon or associate with him as a genuinely wicked one. They can never be relied upon. Their speculations turn out ill when those of sturdier men succeed. Their inventions are just a little anticipated by those they never heard of. Their books or plays do not become popular. Their crops are sure to be injured by the floods or the tornadoes; their vessels to be wrecked or burned; their houses consumed within the twenty-four hours after the insurance policy had expired, or the day before they had resolved to take one out. Judges are sure to rule adversely to their interests; juries always bring in verdicts against them. Their letters are certain to go astray; their baggage or express packages to be lost or stolen. It is they who are always looking for their missing knives, and are constantly wondering where their hats and umbrellas have gone to. The money they put into their pocket-books, or the pocket-books they put into their pockets, mysteriously disappear. Even when they desire to be prudent, and, with considerate sacrifice and pains, buy their potatoes, their coal and other stores in advance at reduced rates, the prices of the succeeding winter invariably fall below what they have paid. They are to be dreaded as Jonah was dreaded. The boughs of trees they climb always break; the boats they row or sail always capsize. The train they take is by no means to be expected at its terminus on time, and, even if late, should cause gratitude that it got there at all. Or, if they are not the victims, they are the authors of all sorts of involuntary mischief. Altogether, shrewd old Rothschild was wise when he counseled his sons to "avoid unlucky men."

Cigar Stumps in Paris.

The market for cigar stumps, which I looked in upon in the Place Maubert yesterday, is a veritable Parisian curiosity. The place is full of life and activity from 8 until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. A kilogram of stumps is worth 1 franc 50 centimes to 2 fr. 50 c., according to the length of the stump. Cheaper cigar stumps bring lower prices. There are four or five wholesale dealers in cigar stumps who have their headquarters in the nine saloons in the vicinity of the market, and there deal with the old men and women, and ragged little boys and girls, who go about the streets picking up these stumps. Much of the tobacco thus scraped together is sold to exporters, who make it up in the cigarettes. There was once an old fellow who bought cigar stumps for a living, who died worth 15,000 francs a year. These pickers-up of ends and half-smoked cigarettes are quite a nuisance to those people who frequent the boulevard cafes. They are forever getting in one's way, burrowing about one's legs, hunting for the coveted stump. From the heights of the Rue Moutetard and the Rue Montmartre swarms of these *lascari* swoop down upon Paris and make us miserable with their intolerable presence.—*Paris Letter.*

She was a belle; she had lots of cash in her own right; and sighed tenderly, as she laid her head upon his manly breast: "Oh, George, how I love you!" He married her, and his friends thought it a very cents-a-belle proceeding.



## Think of Him.

Think of me,  
When the golden gleams of sunlight  
Finge the soft, sweet summer air,  
And fall upon the heart of man,  
As the voice that answers prayer;  
As I think of thee, then think of me.

Think of me,  
When the shadows of the woodland,  
Faded in misty half day,  
Fall as soft as benedictions,  
From those tender lips of thine;  
As I think of thee, then think of me.

Think of me,  
When the dews of twilight  
Gleam the last belated ray,  
And the silver stream of moonlight  
Traces the epithet of day;  
As I think of thee, then think of me.

Think of me,  
As down thy dark, steep doorway,  
Like a falling star, I shoot,  
And I recognize the look  
In thy stern, old's sternest brow;  
Then think of me—then, oh, then!

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WESTERN desperado recently shot dead a man because he wouldn't pray. How very dangerous Western life would be for many of us.—*New Haven Register*.

"How could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately and tell her you are sorry." Freddie goes to auntie and says, "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid."

EMMA ANTHONY has invented a new kiss. As she desires to dispose of the old lot at cost she can learn of something to her advantage by calling at his office out of business hours.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"Twenty years ago," says a colored philosopher, "niggers was wuf a thousand dollars apiece. Now dey would be deuth at two dollars a dozen. It's stonishing how de race am depreciatin'."

"Your husband is not in to-day, ma'am," said a collector who called at the door. "No, he is not." "Do you know where I can find him?" "I guess he's gone fishing. He carried a glass bottle with something he called bait."

ANNE MATILDA—"And do you study geography, Janet?" Janet—"Geography? I should think so, indeed!" Aunt Matilda—"Where's Glasgow?" Janet—"Glasgow? Oh, we haven't got so far as that. We're only got as far as Asia."

Now that elephants' milk has been analyzed and found to be superior to cows' milk, of course it will become fashionable. And as it will be sold at a high price, dealers can afford to make it of a fine quality of chalk and very pure water.

"SAM, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good strawberries on the top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes de front of your house marble and de back gate chiefly sloop bar'l," said *Ex-change*.

UNCLE MOSE asked Gus De Smithe why it was that the weather was so much warmer in summer than in winter. "I thought every darned fool knew that," growled Gus. "So did I, boss. That's why I puts de question to you on purpose."—*Texas Siftings*.

"But do you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son, "you know, pa, ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear, so do I; and there is no better culture in the country than agriculture."

"Tax Bible says, 'Love your neighbors as yourself,' the parson remarked; but of course we must not take this literally. If you manage to love your neighbor one-hundredth part as much as you do yourself, many of you, it will be all that can be reasonably expected of you."—*Boston Transcript*.

MAMMA—"Did you enjoy your ride, Elise?" Elise—"No, mamma, and reason enough, for Connie James says the Van Smiths are going to give a dance, and we're not asked." Mamma—"Well, my dear, your poor aunt's death was providential, of course we can't go."

It is said that death lurks in cheap colored stockings.—*New Orleans Picayune*. Sho! We've known death to lurk in the toe of an enraged parent's boot, but didn't suppose he could kick a man to death in his stocking feet. We wouldn't go there any more if we were in your place.—*New Haven Register*.

## Big Trees.

We hitched a couple of farm horses to a spring-wagon, filled it with provisions, tents and blankets, and struck out for the mountains, traveling from fifteen to twenty miles per day. The first place we reached of importance was the Big Trees of Calaveras county. I must admit that they staggered my imagination, and exceeded anything in the vegetable growth I had ever seen. In the stump of one of these trees a ball-room thirty-three feet across in built, and it requires a ladder of eighteen steps to ascend to the top of the log, on which was built a ten-pin alley. It has been burnt up, but the body of the old charred monarch of the forest still remains. Think of it! a hollow log through which one can ride on horseback 100 feet and come out through a knot-hole! There are some ninety of these trees, measuring from fifty to 100 feet in circumference, and reaching up to the skies—from 300 to 450 feet. They are the remnants of a past flora that one time was more common, but are now confined to some dozen groves scattered from here to King's river—grand old trees, that have withstood the storms of thousands of winters, and were sapling when Moses was a little boy, found in the bulrushes of the Nile. What a history could they tell! What a monument of growth! Enough to shame the vanity of proud Cheops, the builder of the Pyramids. They have grown and lifted their heads higher and higher, while the proud Kings and empires of Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome have passed away. They lived and flourished when Christ preached repentance to the Jews, and were full-grown trees when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors ran wild in the woods and painted their faces like the Indians. From the rings that denote the annual growth of these trees science has estimated some of them to be four 4,000 years old, while they stand over the fallen bodies of a much older growth, covered over with earth and large growing trees, as it is one of the peculiarities of this timber not to decay. It appears to be a species of redwood.—*Correspondent San Francisco Examiner*.

MANY an old dog has more courage than the average man.

## Painting Daniel Webster's Portrait.

Webster, said Mr. Healy, the celebrated American portrait painter, was an excessively bad sitter. I had been commissioned to paint his portrait for King Louis Philippe, and for Lord Ashburton, as well as to prepare a portrait which is now in the State Department at Washington. On the first evening after my arrival at his house in Marshfield, the subject of the painting was approached only in the conversation after dinner. The great man inquired how many sittings I should want and how much time he must give. I was much impressed by his ponderous voice and his grand manner; so I answered, rather modestly, "Six sittings of two hours each." "I can't give 'em," said Mr. Webster, in his deepest voice. I reflected a moment and then answered: "It is very well to know that, for I shall now be able to return to Boston in the forenoon of to-morrow." "How is that?" he said. I stated that my variable rule was to have six sittings, that as I had three portraits to finish, I could not undertake to do the work unless he would be kind enough to comply with my conditions. "I could not," I said, "agree to give a faithful resemblance of yourself to Lord Ashburton and to the King without six sittings." He seemed amazed at my presumption, but finally he said: "Very well; I will do the best I can." A lady who was present subsequently remarked to me that she had never heard any one speak in that way to Mr. Webster before. "I am proud of you," she said. He proved a kindly, though a difficult sitter. After he had risen from one of the sittings he placed his hand on my shoulder and accompanied me to the door. "Mr. Healy," said he, and his voice seemed to shake the threshold of the door, "do you see the brow of yonder hill? Go there with the telescope which you see hanging in the hall, put it to your little eye, and when you come back tell me if in Europe there is such an enchanting spectacle." "Not a splendid subject, bad sitter—impatient—such was Mr. Webster!" "At a little later period," he added, "I was in Washington making a study of Mr. Webster's head for a picture of him as he appeared when replying to Hayne in 1830. Mr. Webster, who was often weighed down with public duties, managed to give us an occasional morning. A French artist friend of mine, a diminutive but very agreeable person named Du Bourjal, was admitted at the same time with myself to make studies for an aquatint. One morning after I had finished my details of the face and was to paint the garments and some small matters connected with the statesman's general appearance, Mr. Webster arrived in very bad humor. I made the mistake of trying to talk him out of it, but the little Frenchman, who had a wholesome fear of the great man, eyed me with terror. I soon found that Mr. Webster was not inclined to respond to cheerful talk, and presently he said, in a voice like rumbling thunder: "What are you painting this morning, Mr. Healy?"

"I am painting the dress, sir." "Then why do you wish me to talk?" he said, very gravely. I accepted the reproof and meekly attended to my duties. The little Frenchman doing his work in silence, and after we had finished, Mr. Webster arose, went over to De Bourjal, took him by the hand and said: "Come and see us to-night and take a dish of tea." He then glared at me for a moment, as if hesitating whether or not to invite me—and bring your friend Mr. Healy with you," he added. He then stalked out majestically, and the little Frenchman said: "Do you know what I thought when he turned to you just now? I thought he was going to take me by the legs and beat your brains out with me!"

INFLAMED THROATS.

A sore throat is no more evidence of a cold than a sore finger, though it may be one of the indications. A cold is attended by a shivering chill, dryness of the skin, with more or less of contraction of the surface and a general commotion of the whole system, and may be attended by a sore throat, or tightness across the lungs, or bowel derangements, feverishness, etc. Such a cold closes in an unusual amount of morbid waste matter, ordinarily escaping through the pores, and may be the first stage of many forms of disease. The remedy is plain—opening the pores by a sweat, by warmth of the body, by friction of the surface with a cream, flesh-brush and the like—simply removing the causes.

But a sore throat is not removed, necessarily, by these means, simply because it does not always, or generally, originate in a cold. Most of these inflamed throats, in my opinion, are produced by derangements of the stomach, in consequence of dietetic errors and abuses. These inflame and even ulcerate this organ, and, by a law of the system based on sympathy, all similar surfaces, if contiguous, are more or less affected similarly. Hence the physician looks at the tongue to learn of the state of the stomach. If this is "coated," so is the stomach; if this is red and angry, the mucous surface entirely removed it is cracked, that is in a similar condition. And if a surface so far removed from the stomach is thus affected by sympathy it is not strange that one between—the throat—should show signs of irritation and be sore. Indeed, it is not only true that the whole course of the food-pipe is thus inflamed and diseased, but that the stomach, even more diseased, gives less evidence in the matter of sensation, in consequence of a merciful provision, that of having less sensitive nerves.

The cure of such a throat is found in the care of the stomach, mainly by reasonable fasting, the use of plain food in moderate quantities, etc. Gargling with warm water will be of some service. Also only a very moderate use of salt and the irritating spices will effect much by way of prevention, which is much better than cure.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford*.

MR. JAMES PARTON says that a curious circumstance occurred many years ago, when a testator in England left £2,000 to a friend, but with the condition that one-half the sum should be buried with him in his coffin. The legatee took advice on this matter. "Where is the money now?" asked his friend. "In the bank," was the reply. "All right," said the adviser; "write a check for £2,000 and put it in the old gentleman's coffin, payable to his order."

## "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

## How It Came to be Written.

Two miles distant from this village, over among a group of hills through which used to wind the celebrated Crab Orchard pike of half a century ago, stands a fine old red-brick mansion facing south and commanding a view of miles upon miles of wave-like hills and valleys. Fifty years ago it was the plantation of Gen. Thomas Kennedy, a Virginian, who fought at King's mountain with Marion and came to Kentucky about 1780 to wrest the garden of the central portion of the State from the Indians. The old red-brick house and the ground all about it have lately become famous as being the original scene in Mrs. Stowe's novel of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Gen. Kennedy owned 7,000 acres of land, 150 slaves, and was enormously wealthy for those days. He was a man of wonderful character and determination. A Black Douglass in an Indian and hale man, with the erect carriage of an Indian and the mien of a commander. He was, in the main, a man of fair impulse and royal generosity when calm; but, when angered, he was insatiably cruel to his slaves. Gen. Kennedy died in 1836, and left the bulk of his property to his son Thomas, then about 20 years old. In three years the young man had run through more than a great fortune, and was dead at the very outset of his career. Among the slaves left in his estates was an intelligent, high-strung octoroon boy, named Lewis Clarke, who had been granted comparative freedom, in being allowed to travel about with an open pass, trading, weaving and occupying himself as he pleased, paying his master a certain sum every month. When the estate came to be settled, it was discovered that some of the slaves must be sold, and an execution was issued against Lewis among the others. The rumor got out—and at that day the rumor was a dreadful one among slaves—that they were to be "sold down South." On the first night of the September court in 1841, Lewis Clarke mounted his pony and struck for liberty. He rode away and over the hills to Ohio and to Canada. Then he went to Cambridge, Mass., lived for seven years with A. H. Safford, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe visited her relatives every summer, and took a deep interest in Lewis Clarke, his experience and his narrative of incidents, pathetic, humorous and terrible, of slave life, and the horrors which the system made possible, and which were, in localities, frequent from brutal and irresponsible masters.

From Lewis Clarke's own lips I gathered the story of how Mrs. Stowe came to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Dr. Bailey, who published the *Philanthropist* in Cincinnati, had been persuaded to move to Washington city about 1848 or 1850, where he established an emancipationist organ, the *National Era*. He thought if he could get some woman of literary reputation and ability to write a series of articles for his paper every week on the subject of slavery and its violation of the finest sentiments, that it would revive public interest and carry his paper to people it had never reached before. The names of Mrs. Lydia M. Child and others were proposed, but not accepted. Lewis Tappan, who was one of the counselors, finally said he knew of one woman who could do the work successfully, that she was poor and must be paid for it, but that she would succeed. He then mentioned Mrs. Stowe, and advised Dr. Bailey to write to her, and, by way of earnest, inclose her a draft for \$100. The letter was written and the draft sent. The next week there appeared in the columns of the *National Era*, not the first of a series of articles on slavery, but the first chapters of a story called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The circulation of the *National Era* increased at once, and soon became very large. Mrs. Stowe was poor and earning her money so laboriously that, for fear the great novel would be cut short, she was sent an additional draft for \$300. Then she copyrighted the story, which in book form has made her a fortune, and become more famous than any novel ever issued from a printing press.—*Lowell (Ky.) Cor. Courier-Journal*.

## Caught by a Bunch of Oranges.

A gentleman's destiny threw him one day, alone and unprotected, in the immediate vicinity of two artificial oranges attached to a brown chip hat. The scene of this drama was a Broadway omnibus. The oranges, potent to attract and concentrate the attention of the passers by, were powerless to conceal the humiliating fact that their wearer, for some cause or another, was wanting in that most excellent thing in woman, a porte-manteau. Owing to the absence of this trivial appendage, the brown chip hat might have been ignominiously expelled from the vehicle had not the gentleman, without once removing his eyes from the oranges, gallantly deposited in their behalf five cents in the money box, a process which gained him a charming look of acknowledgment from a pair of bright eyes, peeping from under the brown hat, as well as a drooping wave of recognition from the golden fruit of the Hesperides. Some time afterward the hero of the omnibus adventure found himself on a boat bound for Newport. An unexpected palpitation of the heart caused him to turn as a bonnet brushed past him. On such a point there could be no possible illusion. The oranges again—and an intimate friend of his own providing for them an eligible nook on the deck of the steamboat. A passport to the society of the chip hat once legitimately obtained, such progress ensued in the line of its ultimate subjugation that when the oranges were invited to transform themselves into a wreath of orange blossoms, without a murmur they consented to this retrogressive movement.—*The Hour*.

## Did Not Understand Journalism.

I recollect sitting at table in London beside the editor of a leading journal. He said: "I am in distress; I have lost one of my regular writers." I did not know about journalism at the time, so I remarked: "I suppose you will have to get another." He replied: "Get another! I will have to get three, and I will be surprised if at the end of a year one of these three writers does as well as the writer I have lost."—*Goldwin Smith*.

## CELESTIAL HORSEMANSHIP.

Vivid Description of a Chinaman's Attempt to Ride a Humping Bronco.

(Bull Nye.)

When a Chinaman does most anything in his own peculiar Oriental style, it is pretty apt to attract attention; but when he gets on a bucking bronco with the cheerful assurance of a man who understands his business, and has been conversant with the ways of the bronco for over two thousand years, the great surging mass of humanity ceases to surge, and stands with bated breath and watches the exhibition with unflinching interest.

A Chinaman does not grab the bit of the bronco and yank it around until the noble steed can see thirteen new and peculiar kinds of fireworks, or kick him in the stomach and knock his ribs loose, or swear at him till the firmament gets loose and begins to roll together like a scroll, but he does his hair up in an Oriental wave behind and jabs a big hair-pin into it and smiles, and says something like what a Guinea hen would say if she got excited and tried to report one of Bjornastjerne Bjornson's poems backwards in his native tongue.

Then he gets on the wrong side and slides into the saddle, making a remark as though something inside of him had broken loose, and the grand difficulty begins.

At first the bronco seems surprised and temporarily rattled intellectually, and he stands idly in the glad sunlight and allows his mental equilibrium to wobble back into the place while the Chinaman makes some observations that sound like the distant melody of a Hancock Club going home at 2 o'clock in the morning, and all talking at one and the same time.

By and by the bronco shoots alvart the sunny sky like a thing of life, and comes down with all his legs in a cluster like a bunch of asparagus, and with a great deal of force and expression.

This movement throws the Chinaman's liver into the northwest corner of the thorax and his upper left hand denudes into the middle of the subsequent week, but he does not complain. He opens his mouth and breathes in all the atmosphere that the rest of the universe can spare, and readjusting his shirt-tail so that it will have the correct inclination toward the horizon, he gently tickles the bronco on the forehead with the back of his hand, and the latter, in turn, throws the bronco into the wildest hysterics, and for twenty minutes the spectators don't see anything distinctly.

The autumn sunlight seems to be mixed up with blonde bronco, and the softened haze of October seems fraught with pale blue skirt-tail and disturbed Chinaman, moving in an irregular orbit, and occasionally throwing off meteoric articles of apparel and his pre-historic chunks of ingenious profanity of the vintage of Confucius, marked B. C., 1860.

When the sky clears up a little the Chinaman's hair has come down and hangs in wild profusion about his olive features. The hem of his shirt-flap is seen to be very much frayed, like an American flag that has snapped in the breeze for thirteen weeks. He finds also that he has telescoped his spinal column and jammed two ribs through the right superior duplex, and he has two or three vertebrae flouting about through his system that he don't know what to do with. The casual observer can see that the Chinaman is a robust ruin, while the bronco is still in a good state of preservation.

But the closing scene is still to come. The bronco summons all his latent energy, and humping his back up into the exhilarating atmosphere, he shoots forward with great earnestness and the most reckless abandon, and when he once more bisects the earth's orbit and jabs his feet into the trembling earth, a shapeless mass of broadcloth silk and coarse black hair and taper nails, and Celestial shirt-tail, and Oolong profanity and disorganized Chinese remains, and shattered Oriental shirt destroyer, comes down apparently from the New Jerusalem, and the coroner goes out on the street to get six good men and a chemist, and they analyze the collection.

They report that the deceased came to his death by reason of concussion, supposed to have been induced by his fall from the outer battlements of the swivel bye and bye.

## Prehistoric Man.

In Yucatan some discoveries have been made of a very interesting character, mainly by Dr. Le Plongeon, the agent of the American Archeological Institute, who has excavated the ruins of Mayapan, once the capital of Yucatan, a powerful tribe among the aboriginal inhabitants. The later history of that important town is well known; for, less than a century before the arrival of the Spanish invaders the King of the tribe had been murdered by his nobles, his followers dispersed and the royal city destroyed, so that the objects brought to light by Dr. Le Plongeon's exertions find their place immediately as historical documents. Among other things, prehistoric sculptures of the unfortunate King have been discovered, which are at once recognized as similar in face and figure to bas-reliefs of Chichen Itza, the metropolis of Yucatan, where the Lords Paramount held their Court, and where the King of Yucatan is represented as doing a sort of homage to the Sun-god. The coincidence seems to point to a period of special artistic development throughout that region, when pictorial or sculptured representations of the affairs of daily life had become somewhat habitual. Further proofs of enlightenment are found in astronomical instruments, such as stone dials of accurate workmanship, which were found still standing on a smooth platform, covered only with a few inches of vegetable mold. Various observations were made in regard to the religious emblems discovered, but beyond a strong resemblance of some of them to those of Eastern Asia, no extraordinary developments are made. Dr. Le Plongeon's accounts show a remarkable and in certain continuity of language, family names, and even of habits, between the ancient inhabitants of Yucatan and their modern descendants. It has been well said that all archeological discovery originates in the endeavor to investigate traditions, which survive after brick and stone have crumbled to dust; and it is very probable that further acquaintance with the friendly and civilized and natives may furnish clues to discoveries of great importance.—*New York Star*.

## The Indian Foot-Race.

The Governor of San Juan—for each pueblo has a Governor of its own nomination and election—graciously walked down to clear the course. In his hand he bore as a sceptre what seemed to be a bottle of whisky, but what in reality was a whisky bottle filled with gunpowder that he distributed as largesse to the Indians with guns, and behind him came a company of guards in their finest clothes bearing green branches and wearing—a part of them, at least—garlands of green leaves upon their shocks of hair. These guards he distributed, at intervals of a hundred yards or so, in couples along the course; the couples being taken, apparently, from the opposite sides. This preliminary being settled a tremendous old patriarch, with a waving mass of gray hair down to his shoulders and wrinkled beyond all expression, stepped out midway in the track bearing in his hands an ancient drum. He was clad gaily in yellow buckskin leggings, a checked shirt that he ostentatiously wore outside of them and a battered old straw hat, once black, that he carried on his head as proudly as kings in pictures were their crowns.

With becoming dignity he sounded a long roll upon his drum: the signal for the race to begin. Long before he had finished, two lads, the youngest of the meers, had started out together and on an easy lope came down the course, while the three or four thousand spectators sent up a ringing yell. As the boys arrived at the goal two men started out, not together, but as far apart as the boys were when they came in. This was rather puzzling, but after a little investigation the principle of the race was clear. The two sides were divided, each into couples, one man of each pair being at the end of each track. As a runner came in his partner at once started out, while the partner of the man who lost the heat had to start as far in the rear as the distance by which the heat had been lost. The final victory rested with the man whose man came in first on the final heat. One advantage of this arrangement, as far as the spectators were concerned, was that the race was going on all the time; and as the man behind frequently overtook and passed the man who had started out ahead, victory constantly trembled in the balance and from start to finish the excitement was kept at fever heat. For the most part the running was magnificent, the lithe forms and vigorous muscles coming out grandly under the spur of emulation and the encouraging shouts of the crowd. Indeed, the encouragement was rather overwhelming, vigorous partisans breaking through the line of guards and coming close to the runners to shout "Aca!" "Aca!" "Our side!" "Our side!" The scene along the course, meanwhile, was as picturesque as it well could be. Pressing close upon each side over its entire length was the brightly dressed crowd of Indians and Mexicans, on foot and on horseback, brilliant scarlet blankets and white robes giving the high lights, while softer colors shone in the shawls and wraps of the Mexican women, and so graded off into the warm browns of the ground and of the clay houses to the black sombreros of the men. Higher up, along the roofs of the houses, the same color effect was repeated against the brilliantly clear blue sky. And down the wide lane traversing the crowd from end to end, the magnificent fellows went tearing along as hard as ever they could go. It was a barbaric rendering of the Olympic games.—*San Juan (N. M.) Cor. Philadelphia Times*.

## Jews in Spain.

The return of Jews into Spain brings out one of those strong and significant contrasts in which the history of modern Europe so much abounds. From about the earliest times subsequent to the conquest of their own country by the Romans, down to the decree of expulsion near the close of the fifteenth century, their history in Spain was a part of the history of the nation itself. It has been maintained that they were first introduced by the fleets of Solomon and the arms of Nebuchadnezzar, but in recorded history there is no trusted evidence of an earlier occupation than the time of Hadrian. It is known that under this Emperor 10,000 families of the tribe of Benjamin were taken into Spain, and 40,000 of the tribe of Judah. Under the Gothic rule, from early in the seventh century until the time of the Moorish conquest in the eighth, they were cruelly persecuted. "The wealth which they accumulated by trade," says Gibbon, "and the management of the finances invited the pious avarice of their masters, and they might be oppressed without danger, as they had lost the use and remembrance of arms." Gibbon estimates that 90,000 were compelled to receive the sacrament of baptism. New force, it is believed, was brought to bear against them in a decree forbidding them to leave the country, so that the stern alternative was to surrender their faith or receive the lash and lose their fortunes; flight was out of the question. When the Saracen conquerors appeared in North Africa, they found in these persecuted Jews of Spain ready allies, and became afterward indebted to them for their most important acquisitions. Thus, in the eighth century was formed that alliance between Jews and the followers of Mohammed which endured in Spain until the final expulsion of both races under the rule of Ferdinand and Isabella. Various estimates have been made of the number of Jews whom the Inquisition in that age drove from Spain, the lowest being 100,000 and the highest 800,000. Among the number were the ancestors of Lord Beaconsfield, who fled to Venice and there established themselves in prosperous trades. Jews expelled from Russia will now go to Spain under specific royal sanction.—*New York Times*.

IN PARIS, at the commencement of the war of 1870-71, many of the people held far away caused the constant storms in the capital during the months of August and September. They would watch the heavy clouds gathering, and as the first distant peal of thunder reached their ears, would shudder and say: "Again! they are fighting. Ah, mon Dieu!" and in a few moments the Madeleine would be filled with women on their knees, trembling with fear and anxiety for the loved ones far away. The storm clouds invariably filled the churches.

## FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

"Hub of the Universe," a popular designation of the city of Boston, Mass., originated with Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MAKING tooth-picks of wood is by no means a modern idea. The Romans used wooden toothpicks in preference to quills.

The name Gotham was first applied to the city of New York by Washington Irving in "Salmagundi," because the inhabitants were such wiseacres.

The first circus in this country was managed by a man named Ricketts, in 1780. Gen. Washington and his staff patronized the performance in Philadelphia, and it became quite a fashionable amusement.

It has been supposed among antiquarians that the clapper is a modern addition to bells, and that it did not form a part of those employed in Japan or China. Mr. Henry O. Forbes, however, says that when in Java he saw in the possession of a gentleman there a bronze bell dug up on the site of one of the old Hindoo settlements, of which now only the graves remain. It had lost the clapper, but the hook to which doubtless a clapper was attached existed still.

The source of the common saying, "consistency thou art a jewel," has puzzled many a scholar, and whether or not the following authority may be relied upon as the starting point or as only using a borrowed idea we cannot assert. In a ballad entitled "Jolly Robyn Roughhead," published in 1764, in a little volume of English and Scotch ballads, the poet bewails the extravagance in dress which he considers the great enormity of his day, and makes Robyn address his wife as follows:

Tush, tush, my lassie! such thoughts resign,  
Comparisons are cruel;  
Fine pictures suit to frame as fine;  
Consistency's a jewel!

PYTHAGORAS was a Greek philosopher, who was the son of a jeweler of Samos, born about 580 years before Christ. At an early age he traveled, going to Egypt, where it is said he resided twenty-five years. Then it is related he went to Babylon, Judea, and it is even asserted he penetrated to Gaul and India. He established a school in Italy, and effected some reformation in the inhabitants. He was persecuted, however, the friends of a rejected student of powerful family compelling him to withdraw to Metapontum, where he soon after died, probably about the year 500 B. C.

The finest floors are said to be seen in Russia. For those of the highest grade tropical woods are exclusively employed. Fir and pine are never used, as in consequence of their sticky character they attract and retain dust and dirt, and thereby soon become blackened. Pitch pine, too, is liable to shrink, even after being well seasoned. The mosaic wood floors in Russia are of extraordinary beauty. One, in the Summer Palace, is of small squares of ebony inlaid with mother of pearl. A considerable trade is done in Dantzic and Riga by exporting small blocks of oak for parquet floors. There is an active demand for these in France and Germany, but none in England.

## Unlucky People.

A genuinely unlucky man will entail as much misery upon those who are dependent upon or associated with him as a genuinely wicked one. They can never be relied upon. Their speculations turn out ill when those of stupider men succeed. Their inventions are just a little anticipated by those they never heard of. Their books or plays do not become popular. Their enterprises are injured by the floods or the tornadoes; their vessels to be wrecked or burned; their houses consumed within the twenty-four hours after the insurance policy had expired, or the day before they had resolved to take one out. Judges are sure to rule adversely to their interests; juries always bring in verdicts against them. Their letters are certain to go astray; their baggage or express packages to be lost or stolen. It is they who are always looking for their missing knives, and are constantly wondering where their hats and umbrellas have gone to. The money they put into their pocket-books, or the pocket-books they put into their pockets, mysteriously disappear. Even when they desire to be prudent, and, with considerable sacrifice and pains, buy their potatoes, their coal and other stores in advance at reduced rates, the prices of the succeeding winter invariably fall below what they have paid. They are to be dreaded as Jonah was dreaded. The boughs of trees they climb always break; the boats they row or sail always capsize. The train they take is by no means to be expected at its terminus on time, and, even if late, should cause gratitude that it got there at all. Or, if they are not the victims, they are the authors of all sorts of involuntary mischief. Altogether, shrewd old Rothschild was wise when he counseled his sons to "avoid unlucky men."

## cigar Stamps in Paris.

The market for cigar stamps, which I looked in upon in the Place Marseilles yesterday, is a veritable Parisian curiosity. The place is full of life and activity from 8 until 11 o'clock in the forenoon. A kilogram of stamps is worth 1 franc 50 centimes to 2 fr. 50 c., according to the length of the stamp. Cheap or cigar stamps bring lower prices. There are four or five wholesale dealers in cigar stamps who have their headquarters in the nine saloons in the vicinity of the market, and there deal with the old men and women, and ragged little boys and girls, who go about the streets picking up these stamps. Much of the tobacco thus scraped together is sold to exporters, who make it up in fine cigarettes. There was once an old fellow who bought cigar stamps for a living, who died worth 15,000 francs a year. These pickers-up of ends and half-smoked cigarettes are quite a nuisance to those people who frequent the boulevard cafes. They are forever getting in one's way, burrowing about one's legs, hunting for the coveted stamp. From the heights of the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Montmartre swarms of these *lazzaroni* sweep down upon Paris and make its misérable with their intolerable presence.—*Paris Letter*.

SEN was a belle; she had lots of cash in her own right; and sighed tenderly, as she laid her head upon his manly breast: "Oh, George, how I love you!" He married her, and his friends thought it a very cents-nigh-belle proceeding.